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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1860.

REVIEWS.

MR. FARRAR'S
NEW INVESTIGATIONS
ON THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.*

WE need scarcely dwell on the great importance of the study of language, but venture to record our ~~doubts~~^{suspicions} as to the special usefulness of the inquiry into its origin, with which we find the present essay begins. Histories of its earliest ascertainable states and subsequent developments have a value proportionate to the value of language itself. But with regard to its origin, we do not see that we get any advantage by the adoption of one theory more than another. It adds neither to our philological nor ethnological knowledge. Again, it is a mistake to investigate these questions upon *a priori* and abstract grounds alone, when we have facts to guide us. The consideration of the origin, and the consequent construction of an hypothesis, should properly have been deferred until after the examination of the laws of its development. From one point of view, birth is but the first step in growth. Hence those laws, whose operation has been traced at every stage of growth, should no less have influenced production. We should first clearly recognise the former, and we should then have a clue to guide us through the darkness which envelops the latter.

There are three views of the origin of language:—1. "That it was innate." 2. "That it was imitative and conventional, and only arose after a period of mutism." 3. "That it was revealed." Mr. Farrar, after stating that each of these, though having a partial value, is not wholly satisfactory, proceeds to give his reasons; and then states his own view:—"That language is a natural faculty, swiftly developed by a powerful instinct, the result of intelligence and human freedom." How instinct can be the result of anything we do not understand, any more than we do the exact meaning here of human freedom. If, however, the sense is that instinct impelled man to use sounds as signs, and intelligence, influenced by a principle of association and imitation, regulated his selection of them, we are disposed to assent, and not upon *a priori* grounds alone. Wherever we have an opportunity of observing, in all living beings that are not dumb, whether gifted with mind or not, the motions of the soul and the sensations of the body find, as it were, "an echo in the voice." The savage, but one degree higher than the brute, admires no quality so much as the self-restraint that can smother the shout of joy or the groan of suffering. From the first moment of existence the infant utters different cries, according as it is affected by different sensations; and an awakening intelligence struggles to adapt distinctive sounds to those objects to which the attention is most attracted. So we may suppose the first significant sound to have been the cry of admiration which burst from the first human beings as their eyes "pened upon the glorious whole of their new world, the first step toward the formation of language to have been taken the next moment, when eye and voice simultaneously selected some one object of beauty from the rest. We cannot help thinking that a good deal of the difference of opinion upon this point is owing to a confusion between language defined as the "faculty of speech," and language in the sense

of the sum total of "sounds used as signs." The faculty of speech was doubtless innate; but to say that a "sum total" is also innate seems to us to be nonsense. Let us consider. If a "sum total of words" is innate, then is a word so also. But the very essence of a word is a relation. Therefore relations are innate, which has practically no meaning at all. Against the view that a full, perfect, and copious language was revealed or dictated to man from heaven, we need not bring forward arguments. As an allegorical expression of the importance of its functions, it may be tolerated; but it can have no pretensions to be considered as a scientific hypothesis, involving us, as it does, at once in a mass of absurdity. This has been very fairly exposed by Mr. Farrar, though he is willing to allow the theory more significance than we are disposed to do.

Having sufficiently discussed this part of the subject, we next proceed to examine the constitution of language. We find that it consists of two elements: a sensational element, or the words; and a rational element, or grammar. The words, to use the terms of another science, are analogous to matter, and the grammar to form. This is clearly put by Mr. Farrar, and in our eyes is a distinction which gives rise to most interesting reflections. It forces upon us the recognition of the independent existence of thoughts and things; "of an external world of colour and sound, to give impressions to the eye and ear; and of internal powers, by which we perceive what is offered to these organs." There could be no language without grammar, or without something to serve the purpose of grammar, if it was even nothing more than a code of signals; for the simple reason that the moment sensation presents the object (the word), the mind establishes certain relations between it and other objects, the due expression of which is grammar.

With reference to words, Mr. Farrer—investigating the "causes of the choice of special sounds in special significations, i.e., the origin of roots"—conceives "that almost all primitive roots were obtained by *onomatopœia*, which sufficed to represent the vast majority of physical facts and external phenomena, and nearly all words requisite for the expression of metaphysical and moral convictions were derived from these *onomatopœic* roots by analogy and metaphor." Farther on he says, in addition to the *onomatopœic* origin, "a root may be derived from the expressions of fear or anger, of disgust or joy, which the impression of any event or spectacle may call forth in the human being."

We agree with these conclusions, but we should prefer a more methodical classification. Most generally, we should prefer to say that primitive words were suggested by association. That is, there was something in their sound which, in some way or other, no matter what, recalled the thing signified. We should then classify them according to the particular way in which they severally effected this: as, *Onomatopœic*, *Analogous* or *metaphoric*, and *Interjectional*. In the first class, the root would be strictly an imitation of the sound emitted by the object. In the second, the character of the word must, in some undefined way or other, recall the thing; as, e.g., a harsh-sounding word might suggest a disagreeable thing—a sonorous word, a vast thing. In the third, the interjection usually elicited from man by any particular affection, would become a word representing the affection itself.

The remainder of Mr. Farrar's book is occupied by examinations into the various classes of roots and the tendencies of language

(the sum total of words) as it progresses. He also shows at some length the conditions under which languages separated themselves into what are called families. In all this, he almost entirely restricts himself to the observation of words. He enters but little into the development of grammar. An essay into the origin of language should, above all things, include considerations of this its vital element. When we have once grasped the principles on which primitive words were formed, and have been shown by what accidents those principles were modified, we want to go farther, and learn the procedure of the mind in informing this dead matter with life. Language would but ill answer its purpose if it halted after giving us the names of objects and left us no power to describe their various relations with each other and with ourselves, in time and in space, as causes or as effects. Words are but the half, and the less important half, of what we understand as language; they should, therefore, engage only a proportionate share of the attention of the judicious inquirer.

As far as he has gone, we are disposed to think that Mr. Farrar has been most diligent in his undertaking. He has evidently read much, and made many notes. What he has read he has reproduced with correctness. We cannot say more. We do not think he has very well digested his reading or classified his facts. We think that he has at times been led away by the grandiloquence of a scientific terminology to involve a small amount of meaning in an unnecessary cloud of words. Such expressions as a "nascent humanity," and such metaphors as "languages receiving an impress from the transparency of their heaven," are, to say the least of it, of very questionable taste; while a professedly philosophic essay is neither adorned nor enlivened by patches of rather tawdry eloquence.

TEXTS FOR TALKERS.*

"EXPERIENCE," says Mr. Frank Fowler, "is wisdom copper-bottomed." Never within the period during which we have been accumulating our supply of copper-bottomed wisdom have we met with such an amount of brazen-faced folly. The English tongue already boasts a Tupper and a Colton.

"The force of Nature could no further go,
To make a third she joined the other two."
and we have in the writer before us a marvellous combination of the watery feebleness of the "Proverbial Philosophy," and the empty sententiousness of "Lacon." The "Proverbial Philosophy" has neither the brevity of proverbs nor the depth of philosophy: "Lacon" can only be called laconic in a bitterly ironical sense, and the "Texts for Talkers" are most admirably calculated to introduce the discipline of a Friends' Meeting into a meeting of friends. Our limits will scarcely permit us to quote enough of this remarkable volume to show how utterly all conversation would be quenched if its texts were commonly adopted. For instance, we can imagine the contagious hilarity which would result in a miscellaneous company, from some young person filling up an awkward pause by the unprovoked and unexpected statement that "Many men go to the House of God simply to dodge the devil" (p. 98), or the scandalous though terse sentiment addressed to a lady at the head of her own tea-table "Sin has its uses," (p. 118). Or again, can we not paint to ourselves the cheerful satisfaction with which a gentleman of high birth would hear one of his guests

* *Texts for Talkers*. By Frank Fowler. (London: Saunders and Otley. 1860.)

*Origin of Language. By Rev. J. W. Farrar. (London: J. Murray.) 1860.

utter the appropriate "Text";—"When I see those gaudy escutcheons on the fronts of houses which the angel of death has visited, I think how many more scoundrels have been quartered than hung" (p. 116). When the darlings of the household come into the dining-room to dessert, guests who wished to make himself agreeable to all parties might remark that "In married life there is more comfort without children, though considerably less happiness" (p. 11). In fact, there are few positions in which a man who wished to lead the conversation might not shine, through the borrowed light of Mr. Frank Fowler's wisdom. Does he wish to appear original? Let him announce in sonorous tones that "The vast power of poetry is not to be gainsayed" (p. 96); or, "I am disposed to believe that there is a deep truth in the proverb, 'Murder will out'" (p. 72); or, "Men's views on any subject are as different in colour and proportion as men's eyes" (p. 119). Is lucidity his object? then let him boldly assert, "Kate bawls, envy whispers. We all dislike noise, but whispers, like yawns, are wonderfully catching" (p. 135). Perhaps his audience might be inclined to take the first sentence as an injunction in the imperative rather than a categorical assertion, in the indicative mood. Again, "In the old times attorneys wore blue coats; butchers wear 'em now" (p. 150). This is a mysterious but apparently pregnant remark, which would come in pleasantly at a dinner of the Smithfield Club. Our readers have enough before them now to be able to judge the merits of the charming compendium, and we will only add that they are heightened by a most admirable index, of which we will also give a specimen:—

<i>Bad person, one will corrupt another.</i>	1
<i>Authors fall into each other's styles.</i>	6
<i>prison.</i>	112
<i>Englishman, his house his castle.</i>	55
<i>Art or literature, saddest thing in.</i>	28

Page twenty-eight, says the index, but we would recommend the reader when in search of *Art or literature, the saddest thing in,* to Mr. Frank Fowler's "*Texts for Talkers,*" *passim.*

Perhaps after all we are wrong, and Mr. Frank Fowler is a genius in disguise.

AN AUTUMN TOUR IN SPAIN.*

COLERIDGE says that "the 'Literary Gazette' was set up for advertising new books of all sorts for the circulating libraries;" since that halcyon time we have delegated that easy task to others, and have set ourselves the more delicate duty of showing what the author of the book under criticism "intended to do, and in his own words, if possible, and adding a few fair specimens of the execution itself, never descending for one moment to any personality." We are led to make these remarks, as it appears by a letter from Messrs. Saunders and Otley in our last number, that Mr. Roberts's "*Autumn Tour in Spain*" is at this moment virtually suppressed at Mr. Mudie's, and virtually unattainable by his subscribers. We very much regret the fact, for the work has merit. It has its blemishes, some weak attempts at wit, a few forced essays of humour, and a slight sprinkling of Yankeeisms in the use of such words as "spars" and "Britishers," the allusions to Sam Weller, Bob Sawyer, "the Fat Boy," and Mrs. Gamp, do not fit into their places, and phrases and slang like "pig's-vittels," "parient," "missis," "coppers," "hard-lines," "party," and the joke about the Garbanzos (p. 47), are decidedly vulgar. The comic vein is not Mr. Roberts's strong point;

but his style is simple, easy, flowing, and unaffected; he writes like a gentleman, and his observations, when he speaks in his character of a clergyman, are marked by good taste, liberality, and graceful sentiments. It is quite impossible to be censorious with so pleasant a companion. He draws largely on Murray, or rather Mr. Ford, and is indebted often to Messrs. Ferguson, Sterling, and Washington Irving—perhaps, we might add, W. G. Clarke; and we sincerely regret that he did not trust more to his impressions of Spain, and furnish us with those details of the architectural character and peculiarities of the country, the want of which the distinguished architect from whom he so freely quotes, had reason to deplore. The book is well printed, the type large, the lines widely leaded, and the paper good; the lithographs are not remarkable.

There appears to be some contagious element of haste and cheerfulness in the atmosphere of Spain, for all recent travellers push onward in a continual hurry, and Mr. Roberts is no exception to the rule; though a quiet, "middle-aged body," as he himself informs us (p. 81), he has the vivacity of an American, and the restlessness of a "Young Rapid," and walks like a cat along the walls of the Escorial garden. The author was two months on his travels, having taken the route through France. His accounts of the provincial life of the Peninsula appear to us to possess the greatest interest, and his lively, graphic, but melancholy description of the state of the country and habits of the people are well worth reading. He passes through many untrodden spots and scenes, and he details his adventures on his rambles in an unpretending and amusing manner, with a happy and cheerful mind, and the pen of an educated gentleman. He looks at nature with a painter's eye; and invests an old subject with a freshness which does not allow our interest to flag for one moment. His weak point is want of sympathy or want of care when he touches on localities rich in traditions and memorable in the chronicles of Spanish chivalry.

It is difficult, in the present state of degradation in which Spain lies, to realise that at one time Naples, Milan, Portugal, and the East and West Indies were fiefs of its crown, while it was still running a race of empire, when all the other states of Christendom "were at a stay," and her new conquests rang "so many strokes of the alarm bell of fear and awakening to the other nations," and their facility "rang the peal so much the sharper and the louder." Mr. Roberts enables us to see the causes which led to the national downfall still working: the horrible love of revenge and blood, the bigotry coupled with indifference to practical religion, and the intense pride of the common people. The Inquisition and the expulsion of the Moors, who had come "not as to a prey but as to a patrimony, not returning with spoil, but seating and planting themselves in a number of provinces," were other immediate causes of decline. Spain will never rise as long as she has a king who is a nonentity, and a queen who is a notoriety. The Archbishop of Burgos drives in a modest green fly, drawn by mules, while royalty takes an airing at dusk with three or four carriages and six, and in the rear "a coach of respect," with blinds up, drawn by four cream-coloured horses, which appears to be very much like "the last coach of all"—without the black horses. Fragments of railroads (p. 49), the suppression of brigands by the Guardia Civil (p. 194) instituted twenty years ago by Narvaez, and the desire to take a place once

more among the nations of Europe, which animated the Spaniards to undertake the war in Morocco (p. 319), are the only hopeful signs at the present day which give any prospect of better things. The miserable roads, the want of inns, and a paucity of food, prevent any but hardy travellers from visiting this extraordinary land.

Mr. Roberts describes the beauty of the Seville ladies as presenting "the same uninteresting uniformity" (p. 313); the upper classes are as dull as Dutchmen, while all the peasants and muleteers require to be treated as *gentlemen* before they will condescend to be civil. There are few drunkards, but bad language and assassination are ugly faults; when a poor woman was brought into a *renta* at Placentia, bleeding and speechless from a wound inflicted by her brutal husband, not one of the bystanders offered the least assistance or expressed the slightest sympathy for the sufferer; and when she was taken away to the hospital, several of them burst into a laugh (p. 247). In broad daylight, in an elmgrove of the Alhambra, a man was murdered under the eyes of several bystanders, and no one attempted to arrest the assassin (p. 421); and such murder is committed without concern or remark. We agree with Mr. Roberts in attributing the prevalence of the use of the knife to familiarity with bloodshed in the bull-fights, stimulating the natural cruelty of the Spanish temper. Two suppers demoralised two heretofore excellent muleteers; with all their pride, these men require a firm hand (p. 348).

The church services in Spain are ill attended (p. 317), and the few persons who come are not over reverent (p. 241), while Sunday is universally desecrated (p. 361); hair-cleaning being, however, we must add, in our opinion, a venial offence, even though it is carried on in the streets (p. 363). Beggars are sometimes to be dismissed by a form of depreciation, but somewhat satirical, as the charm consists in addressing them as "your grace" (p. 62); but boys are not so summarily disposed of, for if they are refused alms, they do "not hesitate to pluck your coat, or poke you in the rib" (p. 361). If a guest presents one of his landlady's children with a peseta, the excellent mother invariably produces the remainder of her family for a similar bounty.

Mr. Roberts, with his friend Lord Portarlington, travelled with quite a cavalcade—three English servants, and two muleteers, with horses, mules, and donkeys, sumptuous beasts, strong reserves of provision, and some packets of "flea-powder" (p. 37); a frying pan was their *batterie de cuisine* (p. 256), and at one halting-place, by some extraordinary culinary mechanism, produced a "roasted leg of mutton!" In despite, however, of all these advantages, the travellers were often reduced to extreme straits. Milk is unknown, wine and butter are equally rare luxuries (p. 189); pork, the common food of the country, is proscribed during several months in the year (p. 191); mutton and beef are among the traditions of a few favoured spots. A good-natured curse recommends them to the house of a friend, where they will be sure to obtain a relish of wine, and on their arrival are informed that it is a most strange recommendation, for Don Bulnes but a few weeks since himself assisted in finishing the very last bottle in the cellar; and when they obtained two magnums, which they frugally set aside for consumption on the journey, the landlady and her maid took them out *empty* into the kitchen. At Burgos, they very properly refuse to pay an exorbitant bill, drawn up by the landlord on the presumption that Lord Portarlington is "brother to the Queen"

* *An Autumn Tour in Spain.* By Rev. W. Roberts (London: Saunders, Otley, and Co. 1860.)

of England," and the landlady showered upon them a torrent of Spanish Billingsgate, and stormed and raved about the hotel. At Castillojo, after a ride of thirteen hours (dinner as usual being out of the question), they were compelled to enter through the stable, and discover bed-rooms for themselves, and then were compelled to protest against summary ejection by another loud-talking and furious landlady (p. 38). At the Kimeria, the hostess, another Meg Merrilies, patted Mr. Roberts "affectionately on the back, and entered Lord Portarlington's bed-room with a large apple in each hand, one of which she persisted in poking under his lordship's bed-clothes, awakening him out of his first sleep!" (p. 482). They were interrupted at night by a drunken innkeeper at Oroporas, who insists upon occupying his own bed; but the application of flea-powder is found to be a work of supererogation (p. 257), while mosquitoes at Seville plagued them day and night. At Priego they were taken for French bagmen, and with extreme difficulty procured a lodging; and on another occasion had to take their meal in public, under the eyes of a crowd of jocose Spaniards (p. 481). After entering a town late in the evening, there were almost invariably two journeys more to be taken, one in quest of food, the other in search of lodgings. The *posadas* have frequently not a pane of glass in the windows; noisy muleteers are peculiarly vociferous about four o'clock in the morning; large collections of melons bend down from the low roofs, inflicting hard blows on the heads of restless sleepers; stony gutters, with a current like a mill-stream after rain, mostly form the streets; a brazier supplies the place of a grate in the inns; the roads are execrable generally (p. 290), "here and there being a steeply sloping bed of stones;" now "a league of ruta, bogs, and quagmires," or "shelving banks of rotten earth, and gnarled roots of ilex and chestnut," and even a veritable swamp. With the establishment of the rural police, the *contrabandistas* of Ronda have disappeared, and with them the dance and the guitar, the picturesque costume and lively manners; but an ugly habit of smuggling still lingers among the waiting maids of the *posada*, who pick the pockets of paletots if left unwarily in the traveller's bed-room, or neatly conceal until his departure a pretty scarf, a pair of gloves, a knife, or a brush, in a fold of the bed-clothes. Lodging-houses have also their inconveniences, for the hostess used Mr. Roberts's night-dress as a duster at her cleaning his room (p. 181); and his linen was returned from the wash yellow and full of wrinkles. He had nearly always a battle with innkeepers and landladies on the extortionate qualities of their bills.

Although always in a terrible hurry, and making only cursory visits to cathedrals, museums, and antiquities, Mr. Roberts gossips pleasantly on the superb churches of Seville and Burgos, the armoury and picture-gallery of Madrid, the Roman remains of Merida, the halls of the Escorial, and the wonders of the Alhambra. He complains that bell-ringing is not a Spanish accomplishment, but gives us an amusing anecdote of the application of the silvery bell of the Torre de la Vela, which, on the anniversary of the surrender of Granada, is struck by the unmarried girls, who believe that the maid who strikes the loudest will ensure herself the best husband.

Mr. Roberts suffered much vexation at Gibraltar because he had to wear a battered wide-awake on Sunday through the streets, and bewails with only too much justice the miserable architecture and want of dignity in

the so-styled cathedral. We are happy to think that on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer he found at its hospitable table a compensation for his long fasts in Spain, and trust that he may have occasion to remove the blemishes of which we complain in a second edition of his "Autumn Tour in Spain."

THE HOUSE ON THE MOOR.*

MANY acute and thoughtful persons find fault with "The Mill on the Floss" as being too true to nature to be artistic. Poor Maggie's involuntary escapade with Stephen only appears unnatural to those who, forgetful of human nature as it is, only desire a representation of it as it ought to be. For ourselves, we consider its intense and undeviating adherence to the laws which govern human motive and human action, to be the greatest characteristic of this great novel. As a general rule, we think it may be laid down that the best art is that which is most like nature. In architecture, we like grotesque monsters or meaningless statues less than the life-taken carvings of plants that are beautiful in their ruggedness, and of flowers that are attractive in their irregular variety. In fiction, we like the unmitigated villain or the immaculate model of human perfection less than the life-drawn delineation of human nature as it is commonly found, either with some vices and more virtues, or some virtues and more vices, and not a simple uniformity of virtue without vice, or of vice without virtue. Human strength is not often so strong that it can never be overcome, nor human weakness so entire that it can never be aroused into strength. Nature generally maintains a kindly equilibrium within us, and though we shall probably be reprehended for taking too low a view of humanity, we confess to having an irrepressible liking for those characters, the bright light of whose virtue is occasionally relieved by a passing shadow of weakness, which at once heightens and diminishes, reveals and obscures, the splendid lustre of their ordinary existence. Tom Tulliver, in his harsh self-assertion, is made admirable by his passionate integrity, and Maggie's self-denial and purity are made human by her momentary stumble.

The story before us is of the extreme sort, which may satisfy those who object to a "low view of human nature." It is true the hero is an unnatural and unscrupulous young man of the most exaggerated description; but then there is no doubt about him. His detestable villainy is patent to the meanest capacity, and nobody could pretend to tolerate or sympathise with him. It requires no great ability to draw such badness, and no great acuteness to recognise it when drawn. To describe a man like Horace Scarsdale in the volumes before us, or Randal Leslie, or even Mr. Squeers, is not considered to be so objectionable; but that absurd and vulgar compromise between strength and feebleness, which we see every day in real life, can afford pleasure only to those morbid beings who take so "low a view of human nature" as to believe the old truth, *humanum est errare*. But if Horace Scarsdale and his father are altogether bad, Susan, his sister, and Colonel Sutherland, his uncle, are altogether good. As for Susan, we are bound to confess that we never get a flesh-and-blood view of her. She is only represented by pencilings where there should have been rich, deep colouring. She is said to be good and kind, and much else besides; but we get no glimpse of her real character. It is all light

and no shade. Many others of the minor personages are sketched in precisely the same style; and what wonder if the result is as incongruous as a painting in which only three or four of the main figures were coloured, and the rest left to tell their story by mere outlines? Letty, the daughter of the clergyman, and the secret friend of the lonely Susan, is the only one of the lesser characters who possesses any vitality whatever. The leading personages, as we have said, are boldly drawn and tolerably well filled in.

The most successful effect, however, in the whole work, is the description of Mr. Scarsdale's dismal house on the moor. Many of our readers will remember a picture in the Exhibition of the present year, in which a Highland shepherd is represented as discovered by his wife lying stiff, and stark, frozen to death, amongst the snow in the mountains. The leader sky, the terrible hue of the dead man's face, the condensed breath of the living dog, and the stiff corpse of its old companion, all combine to fill the beholder with gloom and horror. Much the same effect, though in a minor degree, is produced by the picture in the book before us of Mr. Scarsdale's household. It would be vain for us to attempt to represent it even faintly, because much of the general view is only brought out by constant repetition. The trick of repeating some particular phrase is perhaps too prevalent at the present day. It is true the practice dates from Homer, whose "blameless Ethiopians" and "long-haired Achaeans" become almost as tedious as Mr. Carker's teeth, or Mr. Carlyle's "gigantic captain of dead dogs." The authoress of the "House on the Moor" is in one instance particularly addicted to this practice. We should be sorry to say how many times we are told how Mr. Scarsdale would sit every evening after dinner "with his little reading desk upon the table, and his glass of claret reflected on the shining surface." We confess that by the end of the second volume we have gained a most vivid idea of the evening scene in the house on the moor. The harsh, bitter father, reading and sipping his claret; the sulky son looking out through the rain on to the bleak common; and the poor daughter engaged in her patchwork, with her mind never free from dread lest some outbreak should take place between her father and brother.

Our readers will admit there is something forced in all this. Mr. Scarsdale's astere, irrational, and heathenish life is unredeemed by a single gleam of human affection. By his detestable conduct, springing from an equally detestable motive, he forces his son to leave home in desperation; and a little time after, for an imaginary offence, he expels his unhappy daughter from the shelter of her father's roof. His wife also—dead before the story opens—he seems to have killed by his odious treatment. That there are men in this Christian country who bully their wives, hate their sons, and crush their daughters, we unfortunately cannot deny; but we believe such amiable personages to be the exceptions rather than the rule. Further, we believe them to be so exceptional that an author is scarcely justified in impaling them in fiction. They are at best a hateful spectacle, and we do not see what is gained by introducing them. Fiction should be physiological rather than pathological. If we want to see Man as he is, in the physical order, we do not search the wards of a hospital for a patient emaciated by consumption or devoured by cancer. So in the moral order, it is morbid and inartistic to be constantly on the look out for men who are enervated and worthless.

* *The House on the Moor*. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," &c. (London: Hurst and Blackett. 1860.)

through their lack of character, or putrescent through selfishness.

But it may be said men are never perfect. *Non cuius contingit adire Corinthum.* Not everybody can be physically a Tom Sayers, or morally a Shaftesbury. This is true enough, but everybody could attain an average in either department, although he or she may not excel in delivering terrific facers, nor yet be edifying in exhortation. Mr. Carlyle has defined this free and great nation as "seventeen millions, mostly fools;" and, in a sense, no doubt he is right. Mrs. Olliphant, the authoress of "*The House on the Moor*," seems to think people mostly villains; and, in a sense, she too is right. Most people have a strong inherent element of folly, and a strong inherent element of villainous selfishness, of else the world would not be what it is. But they have also a score of other strong inherent elements, which maintain a tolerable equilibrium of human virtue.

We have dwelt at this length on the novel before us, because it is decidedly a good novel. It is full of incident, and the interest does not often abate. The style is pleasant enough; we must, however, emphatically condemn such useless archaisms as "abyss," "decrepid," &c., &c. We must also point out the extreme improbability of the statement that "there outside stood Roger Musgrave, brown and manful in his dark rifleman's uniform," (p. 96, vol. iii.) ; considering that Roger had come all the way from Cafraria to Edinburgh, in a private capacity, it is not likely he would pay a visit in such costume,—unless, indeed, he belonged to some London Volunteer Corps.

We have mentioned the "*Mill on the Floss*." We need scarcely say that though they are like one another in one or two points, there is no possibility of instituting any comparison between the "*Mill on the Floss*" and "*The House on the Moor*." There is not more difference between Beethoven's *Andante* and the Express Galop. Still, if it does not arouse our deepest affections and stir up all our moral sympathies as does the "*Mill on the Floss*," the "*House on the Moor*" is rather a superior novel than otherwise.

THE LEBANON.*

An interest of a singular character attaches to the history of the Lebanon. Irrespective of its connection with the political relation of the great European Powers during the last quarter of a century, or even of the tragic events which have so recently raised it into such an unhappy notoriety, its historical position, and the peculiar associations with which it is surrounded, possess in themselves many claims on our attention. On its borders tradition has placed the tombs of Adam and of Noah. At its feet sprang to light the earliest germs of Oriental civilisation: a succession of mighty dynasties have held sway beneath its shadow: its plains have been the battle-fields on which the fate of empires was decided. But amid this long series of change and vicissitude the "old mountain" has for nearly four thousand years remained unchanged; the same primordial society has ever occupied its fastnesses, acknowledging no law but their own custom-like regardless of, and uninfluenced by, the events that were passing around them. The waves of conquest which successively flowed over Palestine, encircled but never engulfed the Lebanon. The Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Roman, and the Arab have recorded their conquests only with the chisel in its rocks.

* *The Lebanon: a History and a Diary.* By David Urquhart. In Two Volumes. (London: T. C. Newby, 30, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square. 1860.)

The Mede, the Persian, the Jew, the Greek, or the Crusader and the Ottoman, have not done even so much. Nor has the influences of the surrounding civilisation been more effectual. Until within yesterday, life and manners in the Lebanon were the reflex of a patriarchal age; and the language there spoken was that which interprets the names that have descended from antediluvian times.

Among the legion of recently-published works that purport to illustrate the political and religious institutions of a country which all thinking minds must at the present crisis regard with feelings of no ordinary interest, we know of none that for a truly philosophical and comprehensive grasp of the subject can compare with the volumes now before us.

The author of "*The Spirit of the East*" and "*The Pillars of Hercules*," is certainly in every respect eminently qualified to perform the task he has undertaken. Mr. Urquhart speaks with no ordinary authority. A prolonged residence in the East—an intimate acquaintance with the resources of the country—an observant disposition, coupled with an earnest spirit of inquiry and a firm determination to disguise no fact, however unpalatable it may be—are certainly not the least valuable qualities in either traveller or historian. The work before us consists principally of a series of selections from Mr. Urquhart's diary, kept during his pilgrimage in the Lebanon in 1849-50, accompanied by several detached chapters which are particularly valuable for the light they throw upon the political and economical position of the country since the commencement of its relations with the Western Powers. It is difficult to overrate the influence which the Lebanon has exercised during the last twenty years upon the diplomacy of Europe. Ever since 1841, when France and England quarrelled about the limits of a Syrian province and the succession of a Turkish pasha, the Lebanon has been an apple of discord among the four Powers. The secret of its political importance is its peculiar geographical position. To Russia it offers access to the Ottoman Empire and a realisation of her long-cherished dream of Oriental conquest; to France, an Algeria on the east coast of the Mediterranean, and a commanding position over Egypt; while to England the maintenance of its position as a dependency of the Porte is of most vital importance, since its occupation by either of the other great European Powers would threaten the security of her Indian possessions. The evils inflicted on the social and economical condition of the Lebanon by the conflux of these jarring political interests have been, according to Mr. Urquhart, of almost ruinous character. The treaty signed by the three Powers in 1841, by which, *malgré* the opposition of the Turkish Ministry, the mountain was divided into two distinct governments of Druses and Maronites, brought upon the unhappy country no less than four disastrous civil wars during the ten following years.

"The English Treaty of Commerce" was a fatal blow to the economical prosperity of the Lebanon. In accordance with this iniquitous scheme, an indiscriminate *ad valorem* tax, varying from 25 to 90 per cent., was imposed on all the staple manufactures of the country. The result, as might have been anticipated, was the almost total annihilation of the principal branches of industrial enterprise, and the impoverishment and social degradation of the manufacturing classes. The efforts of the Turkish government, and the numerous petitions from the people to obtain a mitigation of this grievance, were alike disregarded.

The whole of Mr. Urquhart's narrative is a running commentary on the pernicious effects the injudicious line of policy pursued by the European Powers has had upon the commercial prosperity of the country. The subject is perpetually recurring almost at every other page, and seems to have formed an universal theme of complaint with every native with whom he conversed.

The mal-administration of the consular service is, in our author's opinion, another prolific source of the numerous evils with which the country has been beset since its connection with European policies. Such a state of things is doubtless in a great measure a necessary consequence of the diplomatic jealousies subsisting between the representatives of the three Powers, whose interests are diametrically opposed to each other. In the case of England, Mr. Urquhart ascribes the evil complained of partly to the fact that the British consuls in Syria are independent of the ambassador at Constantinople, and more especially to the practical irresponsibility of our Foreign Minister at home. On the latter question he remarks:

"England is nothing more than the man who happens to be Foreign Minister; nobody else knows anything, or cares for anything. There is nothing done in the Lebanon to the smallest point that he does not know and has not commissioned. If I were to go and tell in London what is doing, there is no man who would not laugh in my face, and call me a fool and a madman. The very ambassador in Constantinople does not know what is doing."

It is impossible within the limits of the present article to do more than touch upon this momentous question. The reader will find it discussed in all its bearings, and abundantly illustrated in Mr. Urquhart's volumes.

To pass from foreign politics to native administration—a subject that is treated by our author at considerable length and great minuteness of detail. The supreme power, both administrative and judicial, is vested in the Megilis or Provincial Parliament—the constitution of which seems to resemble in some respects the Saxon Wittenagemot, or the English Parliament, in the 14th century. The Megilis is composed of sixteen members, eight of whom—viz.: the president, the pasha, the cadi, the mufti, the defendar or treasurer, a registrar, secretary-general, and an assessor—may be regarded as constituting the aristocratic element of government. Of these the president and assessor are nominated by the Porte, and represent the spiritual and temporal powers—the remaining six being high officers of the province. The other eight are the representatives of the people, viz.: four Mussulmans—one from each of the three Christian communities, and one from the Jewish. The Megilis has supreme authority over every branch of law—criminal, civil and commercial; and meets two days a-week for judicial, and four for administrative, business. Mr. Urquhart gives us several illustrations of their course of judicial procedure, for which we must refer the curious reader to the work itself.

Not the least interesting portions of this valuable work are the numerous vivid sketches of Eastern life and character, which stand out in pleasant relief from discussions of a graver character. Mr. Urquhart appears thoroughly enamoured of the charms of Oriental *laissez-faire*; and expatiates most eloquently on the luxuries of the "kief," the chibouque, and the bath. Occupied with his pleasant pages, we become half sceptical as to the desirability of Western civilisation. In many respects the semi-barbarous Asiatic affords a favourable

contrast to the more enlightened European. On this question we will let Mr. Urquhart speak for himself:—

"My testimony is, let the value of it be taken or left, that amongst this degraded and contemptible race of the Lebanon, with the mere exception of the recent pupils turned out of the missionary and Roman Catholic schools, there is not a single individual who could utter a slang phrase, who would degrade himself with a sneer, or who passes an hour the victim of *esau*; whilst there is not a man who is in danger of going supineless to bed, or whose prospect of life is closed by relief, in or out doors, from the workhouse."

"I had, when a boy, a quasi-tutor in an Arab from Tripoli. I brought him one day a caricature of Lord John Russell. Not apprehending his reproachful look, he gave utterance to what was in his mind in these words: 'I would rather perish than belong to a race, a single individual of whom was capable of drawing a caricature.'

Here is a pithy contrast between Oriental and European manners:—"Had he not addressed me in Italian, I should still have known that he had learned a Frank tongue by his coarseness and vulgarity."

In another place this contrast is more fully dwelt upon:—

"Infidelity—not that of the New Testament wickedness—but the verbal profession of the disbelief of the soul, proselytism, political speculation, drunkenness and prostitution, are unknown. The man who proposed to rid any European country of these curses would be held to be ignorant of human nature, yet they are unknown in this very Lebanon, which Europeans undertake to teach and correct."

Again—
"The European speaks without thinking; the Eastern never does. The European tells you for conversation or argument what you already know; the Eastern never does. The European assumes that the man he speaks to is a fool; the Eastern assumes that he is speaking to a wise man. The European meets a statement by a preliminary objection; the Eastern attends to what you say. The European is offended if you show him that he is wrong; the Eastern is grateful. The European's enjoyments consist in appearing to others to enjoy; the Eastern in enjoying himself. The European's conversation consists in replying by something else to what has been said; the Eastern in replying to what has been said. The whole mind of the one is engaged during the conversation with himself; that of the other with his interlocutor."

We take leave with regret of Mr. Urquhart's entertaining and instructive volumes. His share of them has been, to say the least, most creditably performed. We wish we could pay his publisher the same compliment. On referring to the copy before us, we find paper of a very inferior quality; type and ink but little better. Vol. i. has been especially hardly treated. It is denied the dignity of an index; breaks off abruptly in the middle of a word; and its peculiar property, the preface, has been remorselessly transferred to vol. ii.

MY LIFE, AND WHAT SHALL I DO WITH IT?*

BESIDES its intrinsic importance, the subject of this book is especially interesting as the product of a very recent stage of thought. From Plato to Mill there have been thinkers, on this as on other points, in advance of their age, but it is only latterly that facilities for printing and the general extension of education have set women thinking about their rights and wrongs, and endeavouring to obtain from their male oppressors a reconsideration of their social position. Less than half a century ago the book we are considering would

scarcely have found a publisher, and there still flourishes many a dowager who will stand aghast at the boldness and novelty of its doctrine. Are there not to be found even ladies of a certain age who will hear with astonishment, not unmixed with awe, of a proposal to convert "all gentlewomen who have leisure" into something very nearly resembling "Sisters of Mercy"? They are asked to "employ their own advantages in the improvement of uneducated and ungentelewoman," and told that to do this effectually they must live together in colleges or "homes." It is true that it is only for a portion of the year; but are fathers and brothers prepared even for this? Will they not rebel against a system which at once cuts away so much of domestic happiness and domestic virtue, and loudly asseverate the maxim that "charity begins at home"? Our authoress feels the difficulty, and commences her campaign by an enumeration of the ordinary points of view from which woman's social position is regarded. The practical, common-sense man of the world thinks that a young lady's duties are "to be agreeable, happy, and well-dressed." A lord of the creation finds great convenience in a class of beings "whose occupations may be always broken in upon, and who are ready to run errands." A stern parent expects from his daughters some return for the money invested in their dress and education. A believer in the eternal fitness of things holds that "it is not by what women do, but by what they are, that they fill their place in the world." All these theories (excepting that of Philosopher Square, whose vagueness protects him,) are refuted with the quiet ease of a thinker who has long outgrown such tea-table traditions, and ventures to think that women may have even higher duties than a toilet conducted on the most Christian principles, dutiful smiles at papa's old stories, and a conscientious cultivation of the piano. There is not sufficient novelty in the theories, or even their refutation, to make it worth our while to examine them.

It does not require a profound knowledge of political economy, or Uncle Toby's chivalrous regard for "the sex," to see with what a waste of labour this enlightened century may be charged. What must a Huron philosopher think when told that the tact, energy, patience, and self-devotion of half our English squaws find their legitimate exercise in crochet and the construction of carpet slippers? It appears to us one of the most perplexing problems which social science has yet to solve, and all honour is due to any one who, undismayed by the sneers of practical men or the frowns of creation's lords, resolutely attempts a remedy. The remedies proposed will be often impracticable, but still every such attempt creates new light for a successor, and where its boldness is backed by ability, gives to the most practical an unconscious elevation of aim. The work before us combines, we think, all these qualities. It is bold, able, and visionary. The authoress aims at too much, and in her wish to avoid one-sidedness, falls into inconsistency. Writing specially for "young gentlewomen," she is as ready to acknowledge as the most ultra-conventional of her sex that woman's mission is marriage—that her highest duties are those of a wife and mother—in fact, that any other employment is only an artificial channel for qualities the natural destination of which is checked by the celibacy which too often results from civilisation.

Now obviously, by this admission, if the duties of a sister of charity interfere with

those of wife and mother, the former must be sacrificed. The practical man has a ready answer, and where the question is one of fact, not sentiment, he is an authority not to be despised. He will say that it is hard enough at present for a very large class of "educated gentlewomen" to find husbands, bachelor independence and spinster luxury increasing with civilisation; that women are born to be married, and know it; and that, therefore, the mere fact that in an era of very great refinement their chief occupation is to sing, dance, and crochet, is in itself a proof that in every such era the road to matrimony is paved with pianos and antimacassars, for that in the matrimonial as in every other market, the demand creates the supply. Hence he will deduce the conclusion that to silence pianos and open numeraries is to increase the celibacy of which the authoress disapproves, and to give to Lais and Aspasia a recognised place among the other conveniences of civilisation. If the authoress replies that a "life of labour and of love" is the best preparation for the domestic and social duties of wife and mother," he will appeal to the fact—doubtless an important fact, but still a fact which it is short-sighted policy to ignore—that, as a rule, husbands are most easily found, not by those whose noiseless subter-fashionable existence is best known to the sick and the hungry, but by the "accomplished votaries of Clio and Terpsichore," who are always on the look-out for promotion at tea-fight and ball. Into the cause of this humiliating fact we may not here inquire. It may be man's frivolity, or woman's inferiority, or the mere accident of proximity. Any lover of fiction who remembers how many marriages have been made under an umbrella, will not underrate the importance of the last cause. Brown, Jones, and Robinson may be young men of good prospects and the soundest views on matrimony, but after a hard day at the office, the courts, or the museum, they cannot follow Dorcas (even supposing lady abbesses out of the question) to a night-school or hospital, and so they fall victims, white-tied for the sacrifice, to the smiles of Lalage, or the voice of Sappho.

It may seem an obvious reply to say that there is no connection between plainness and piety—that it is mere prejudice to pronounce it

"Downright barbarity

To snuff a form

Might an anchorite warn,

In the frosty stuff-gown of a sour de la charité."

Without doubt there is no incompatibility between active benevolence and the highest accomplishments. On the contrary, their union constitutes the true type of woman. But surely it is a blunder in political economy to separate them—to bury in convents, from which false man is excluded, those very accomplishments the natural object of which is to captivate him. The disciples of Mr. Mill, who claims for women a full share of political as well as of social privilege, will cry out against this degrading view of the relations between the sexes. Men ought to be led captive by noble deeds, not by pretty manners. But into this alarming controversy we luckily need not enter. We have only to deal with our authoress, who differs not less widely from Mr. Mill than from Mrs. Grundy. She expressly deprecates any inversion of society, declaring that "it is not necessary to alter the relations between men and women to secure the better management of our hospitals." Is, then, the practical man right after all? Are there for unmarried women no other duties than to be agreeable and well-dressed? Is their life to be spent in artificial labour—in

* *My Life, and What Shall I Do With It?* By an Old Maid. (London: Longmans and Co.)

sewing, playing, visiting, and all the trifles which make up many a clever woman's existence, and illustrate Maggie Tulliver's forcible definition of patchwork, as "tearing things to pieces to sew 'em up again."

It may sound like affectation, but we think that the very abilities of the authoress have betrayed her into a scheme so extravagant—she has such a command of materials, and such unusual powers of arrangement, that nothing short of a perfect self-contained whole, in which every part dovetails exactly into the other, will satisfy the logical precision of her intellect. In her eagerness to accomplish this, she has forgotten that every whole is also, in relation to something else, a part; that charitable life is only a part of social life—a maxim, by the way, which she elsewhere expressly inculcates. Viewed from within, the scheme is perfect; viewed from without, it is impracticable. We are reminded of the philosopher who constructed with great ingenuity a model carriage, and then found that he could not get it out of his room without breaking down the wall. The scheme is abstractedly good, but it cannot be carried out without greater injury to certain social barriers than it is worth. It cannot be denied that a "home" gets rid of many difficulties; without it, ladies cannot well get at the dwellings of the poor, from which the tide of West-end wealth is receding more and more; it secures unity and prevents civil war between infant schools and national schools, clothing clubs and soup kitchens; it provides a college for teachers, a training school for servants, a centre of communication, such as "J. D. B." has been advocating in the "Times," and who knows but that some day it may be recognised as a national institution, and be given the superintendence of our hospitals, penitentiaries, and jails? The moral and logical beauty of such a scheme may well blind to its impracticability the mind which created it. It is hard to conceive what results would follow through the length and breadth of the land if the lives of our maidens were devoted to the organised exercise of charitable deeds, until they were called away to the still more sacred duties of married life. Unfortunately, the age is not yet ripe for such a revolution. Young ladies very properly take the higher view of their position, and know that the road to matrimony does not lie through the gates of a convent. If a writer of equal experience and less ability had sat down to map out a charitable life, she would not have asked from us more than she had herself done. She would have been content to place on the hearth, beside our household gods, a homely figure of charity, not have sought to model a faultless statue, which we can only worship from afar. She would have shown that it is quite possible for a young lady to warm a stern parent's slippers in the morning, run errands for a lord of the creation in the afternoon, smile on the practical man in the evening, and yet be a constant and welcome visitor at the sick-bed and the village school. Doubtless she could serve the cause of charity more effectually in a "home." We have fully and fairly stated the difficulties which it removes; but what are they when weighed against the stubborn fact that there are fathers of families innumerable, ready enough to encourage and tolerate their daughters in daily charities, who would scot such a notion, and that there are quite as many wavering Dorcas, anxious enough for ordinary services, whose faith would shrink from a test so severe. Happily the book is not one in which the value of the conclusion seriously affects that of the premises. The details are admirable

beyond all praise. It will not require many such works to carry into our drawing-rooms the conviction that "accomplished" is only another term for half-educated, and to make it an essential that young ladies should know something of practical philanthropy, as Doctor Johnson thought it that they should know how to make a pudding. Let this conviction once be established, and it will make its own road.

It will be, we think, a very long time before it lays the foundation-stone of a secular convent, stocked only with novices; but we do not doubt that many of its present promoters will live to see it a generally recognised fact in society that the services of every unmarried lady should be as completely at the disposal of her parish clergyman as are now-a-days those of his own daughters. How much good they may then do, and how they may best do it, they may learn from the work before us. It would be useless and hopeless to seek to add more. Doubtless there are difficulties which cloud even the moderate horizon there marked out. Our limits will not allow us to mention what appears to us one great obstruction in the path of female philanthropy: it has not attracted much notice, but is not therefore the less powerful. The greater part of the conventionality which caste creates is absorbed by women, and reproduced chiefly in the form of dress.

Mr. Buckle's stoutest opponents cannot deny that in the fashionable world the law of causation is paramount. Every bonnet has its determining homogeneous antecedents, and forms a link in the vast chain which connects Parisian Juno, great goddess of the "Morning Post," to the Highland lassie who thrusts her bare legs through her father's tub-hoops, in honour of the Lord's day. But it surely need not be demonstrated that, if women can thus submit to a despotism on a point of such vital importance as a bonnet, they are not likely to brave persecution in the cause of philanthropy. How can they consistently carry the very dress which they wear in honour of the presiding priestess of fashion into lanes and alleys which that priestess never enters? Far be it from us to impute this neglect to the selfish pride of a pampered oligarchy. Lady Mountararat may be a really good woman, may give largely to charities; and, were it not for her domestic duties and maternal dread of contagion, would perhaps visit places which even her presence would not hallow or disinfect. But how can she allow her romantic and impulsive daughter, Lady Lilith D'Ark—so bewitchingly conscious of her beauty, so winningly unconscious of her rank—to enter cottages where she may meet the curate of Alton Locke? In this levelling age, no patrician matron breathes freely until she has steered her daughter safe through curates, tutors, and aspiring flunkies, and moored her in triumph at St. George's, Hanover Square. The same fear haunts more or less the motherly breast of every British female. At first it severely tries Mrs. Grundy's belief in a superintending Providence to see her daughter married to the curate. But after all, if she is a practical woman, her ambition is bounded by the rector, whose successor the curate may any day become. But what an awful responsibility rests on the mother or governess, on whose vigilance it partly depends whether a young lady should marry a duke or a dancing master? Lady Lilith does not object to a despotism tempered by the license of ball-room and *déjeuner*; and grows up as profoundly ignorant

of all that concerns the poor as the French princess, who, in a famine, wondered why the people should starve, and declared that rather than die of hunger she would eat bread and onions. But so long as Lady Lilith does not take any part in works of charity, what charm can they have for the country cousins, twenty times removed, who model their life on hers, and are themselves the models of some minor coterie? If we are right as to the cause, the remedy is obvious. Let philanthropists direct all the artillery of pulpit, press, and confessional at the most impresible of our duchesses. If they will only lend their daughters as decoy-ducks, the battle is half won.

We are sorry that want of space prevents our doing justice to the many merits of this book. Its literary excellence alone entitles it to a high place. Perhaps its chief merits are, intellectually, its method—and morally, its large-mindedness. Practical reformers are generally, as Coleridge said of steam, "one-idea'd giants." They gaze so intently on the sun of their universe, that its image mars their just perception of all other objects. We therefore feel that we are bestowing very high praise when we say that in a work written by a lady, whose life has been devoted to one great object, and who must have often keenly felt the indifference or opposition of many who should have been her fellow-labourers, we have not discovered one unseemly trace of bigotry or recrimination.

NEW NOVELS.

Keeping up Appearances. A Novel of English Life. By Cyrus Redding. (London: Charles J. Skeet.) Mr. Cyrus Redding has for so very many years been before the public, that it may easily be presumed his experience of life has been vast, and, consequently, varied. "Those whom the gods love die young," is seldom spoken in sober earnest; but to live to ripe years, and be fitting amongst such society as Mr. Cyrus Redding presents to us in "*Keeping up Appearances*," would certainly warrant a recurrence to the stern laws of Lycurgus, if indeed, in mercy, society did not commit a frequent repetition of the Road murder. Such a set of people we have never met; and if Mr. Redding has, he is to be pitied. Pity, however, is not the only sentiment excited. Supposing there has been suffering, it does not follow that all of even the charitable world are to be obliged to share it. There is a kind of beggary in showing unsolicited sores, and, moreover, there is no slight danger of contagion; and the reader's feeling at the end of the book is of having got comfortably rid of a very stupid, dull collection of supposed human beings, who are as little like life as if they had just been translated from a German toymaker's warehouse. Not that the characters are all fools or knaves. Far from it. Many of them have great and respectable sympathies, and talk poetry by the mile; but the misfortune of these worthy people, or rather of the reader, is, that they never by any chance talk less than the mile. Everybody has met with a certain set, who, finding novels to be totally unlike life, magnanimously resolve to make their lives like novels. Because Amarantha (in three volumes) marries a poet without a penny, Mary Ann (in Peckham Rye) runs away with the local plagiarist, and determines to be happy on a fourpenny-piece. It is not many years since the youth of England, especially of the suburbs, gave themselves piratical or poetical airs, fired with the respective examples of Lambro and Lord Byron. Now, the old taste having died out, another

must succeed it; and, on the principle cited above, Mr. Cyrus Redding has his chance of leading the day as well as any other writer. Heaven forbid that any young man or woman should endeavour to imitate any of the airy and sentimental examples in "Keeping up Appearances." We should have a race of fast and foolish young men, gambling bankers, elderly conversational bores, "arch" girls, prigish young ladies, &c., &c.; the general result being honest indignation, or confirmed dyspepsia, with every rational man and woman who happened to survive after the first rush. Mr. Cyrus Redding, in three volumes, has no more story than this: The hero (who, by the way, has no opportunity of being anything—not even a hero) has a good fortune, lives at his country house, falls in love with a neighbour's daughter, marries her in due course, and she dies a day or two after giving birth to a child. There is a banker, who pledges his customer's securities, and is punished with ten years' transportation. As those little matters can be seen with one-fourth the usual amount of visual capacity, we need make no apology for telling secrets here. The book really deals with characters, and intellectual or "spoonie" conversations; only the spoon is scarcely sufficient for the allegory, symbol, or whatever it may be, of affection; it should, at the very best, be ladles. The characters are not original, though many of them are well-drawn as copies. The purse-proud termagant, Mrs. Stockwell, is an old friend. The banker is a newspaper character, and has already been used by Mr. Dudley Costello and others. Dr. Dryman is a very good specimen of the quaint, Latin-quoting country curate, and his wife is well-drawn. The eldest girl, the heroine, is perhaps the newest in the collection—it is to be hoped that she will take out a patent for her characteristics. Her younger sister Kate, is the "arch" article already mentioned, and that objectionable chattel, an author's pet. The gentlemen are the cold, rigid, precise, didactic, philosophising bores, who have already plagued the public in a few trashy works founded on the principles of Mr. Plumer Ward, and which could be well carried out by him alone. Would the reader like a specimen? Almost at the first meeting of the "young people," and before they become lovers, they adopt the following style:—

"Suppose we follow the windings of the woods," said Emma Aveling; "there are always sounds coming from their dim recesses which please me. The glance between the shadowy trunks makes me expect to see mysterious shapes. The cooing of the unseen dove, the wild flowers, and the water gurgling over the pebbles, are delicious to my spirit."

"And to every spirit that has a sympathy with nature, Miss Aveling," I observed; "see how the little stream glitters along between its green and flowery banks. Not a breath agitates the aspen—how dreamy is all around us, as if expectant of something indefinable! How beautiful is the reflection of the foliage in that glassy pond that not a ruffle disturbs! Were it not for the bargemen hallooing on the canal yonder, we might almost fall the sweet silence."

"Yes, dreamy and indefinable, accompanied with a sensation that seems to belong to the external of our world beyond space and time; something out of universal experience and above it, only known to us by the skirts of its garment, if I may so express it."

"There are such impressions with us all at times, I remarked.

"Papa says they are what the Germans connect with infinity, from their not belonging to finite things, glimpses of some existing state in other spheres of being, the people of which are unknown to us."

"Thus, the German Mülener, in his Drama of 'Guilt,' refers, &c."

The "arch" Kate is always ready. Modern newspapers, ancient allusions, cutting observations on marriage, are tangled with kittenish glee:—

"My dear Kate," observed Miss Stockwell, "every one does not possess your high spirits."

"I'd be bound to cure you, Maria. I'll be your doctor and heal your melancholy. I prescribe a dozen violins to attend you wherever you go; they should only play lively airs. My prescription will render a cure certain, not conjectural, as it is in nine instances out of ten with medical sages and their conjectural art, born of human fears. Am I not a doctor, only without a cane and turnip watch, those prime Esculapian insignia?" Answer me, my dear,

"Kate, you are too wild for my humour, and yet I think your practice reasonable, if your patients can manage to swallow your prescriptions."

"That is some concession to my talents. After my preparatory violin recipe is taken, let me recommend matrimony. With your jointure, or the reputation of it, an accommodating husband may be had, who will, in exchange for managing a portion of your fortune, give you your own way in everything; leaving you to rule your house. London abounds in happy matches of that class. The lady may rise at noonday, dress, be in her carriage at the early hour of three p.m., make her calls, visit the opera, or with a 'particular' friend, take a hand at cards, or go to a ball, as the state of the season may require, and return home an hour after mid-night; then, not to disturb her *cara sposa*, sleeps in a separate apartment, meeting him occasionally once a week in their own house, where he has nothing to do but pay the expenses of the establishment, and take care of the repasts."

"Excellent, Kate. My sister is in one of her satirical humours to-day."

"Thanks, Emma; but do not interrupt the faculty in prescribing, or I shall be like the wise doctor on Smethurst's trial, who first found arsenic enough in experimenting to hang the prisoner, and then discovered it exuded from his own copper, or brass, whichever it was."

It is unnecessary to quote more than two random examples. As specimens of writing, they are neither the best nor the worst in the book; but in decrying the silly and the high-flown styles, it must be admitted that there is much in these volumes that would make a respectable appearance in a different form. But essay-writing in the form of prigish dialogue is insufferable. One curious fact about this story remains to be stated: The hero, St. George, meets in the streets of Bath his old friend Maitland, whom he has not seen for many years. They dine together, and St. George recounts his adventures in three volumes, to Maitland, over the dinner-table! Poor Maitland!

Hope Evermore; or, Something to Do. By the author of "Left to Themselves." 2 vols. (London: Cassell and Co.) This is a strange tale, betraying considerable power and more extravagance. Ragged schools and cold water promise, in the eyes of its author, to prove the salvation of mankind. They are not only good things to be placed alongside of other beneficial influences, but the temperance movement and the institution of ragged schools are the noblest remedies for human misery and sin, and are calculated to effect a total change in the character of those who come into contact with them. They are the new gospel, which all are bound to believe and to promulgate. The chief apostle of these doctrines in "Hope Evermore" is a sweep, a master sweep, yclept Jem Goodman, and in his first conversation with Ada Pemberton, "the spoilt child of wealth and luxury, the idol of society and leader of fashion," he effects her conversion:—

"As Jem Goodman, the sweep, Miss," he exclaims, "I bow before you; as fellow-Christian and co-worker, a lord has shaken me by the hand, ay,

and a lady too. . . . I'm cleaned up a bit now, Miss, but you might chance to see me some morning going my rounds, and then you'd see me black enough."

From that moment Ida gives herself up to the one object which is alone worthy of a life's devotion; and when her lover, Gerald St. Maur, visits her sometime afterwards, we are told that she had on "a little black silk apron with pockets full of Ragged School reports, lists of the wants of children in her own little class, practical directions from Ellen St. Ange and Jem Goodman, a note-book, a pencil, her charity purse, and several prospectuses connected with different Temperance and Ragged School meetings." Gerald accuses her of having some new interest in life, and the following conversation ensues:—

"You are right, Gerald; I have a new interest in life, an inspiring, an engrossing interest. It fills my heart, my mind, my soul. It has renewed my spirit, driven away *envy*, *desjection*, *discontent*. It makes me independent of the vain world. For the first time I seem to live!"

"Stop, Ada!" said Gerald, very pale. "You do not know the pain you are causing me. You have formed some new intimacy?"

"I have."

"What is the name of the man who has wrought this mighty change?"

"Two men are concerned in it!" said Ada, smiling.

"Two!"

"Yes, two, Gerald."

"And their names are?"

"Jem Goodman and Mr. Fitz-Stephen."

Gerald looked at her as if he thought she was becoming insane.

"What are they? Who are they? I never heard of them before. I never met them," he said, bitterly.

"So much the worse for you," she replied. "All I am owe to them; this change in my life and heart is all their doing."

"For pity's sake, Ada, do not mystify me thus: tell me at once who and what they are—Jem Goodman and Mr. Fitz-Stephen—who can they be?"

"Jem Goodman is a sweep—a master sweep, though."

"A master sweep!" exclaimed Gerald, really uneasy about the state of her mind. "What can it matter whether he is a master sweep or not, if he is a sweep at all: what can he be to you, except in his vocation of a sweep?"

"You shall hear that presently," said Ada, very quietly.

"And Mr. Fitz-Stephen?"

"He is the Honorary Master of a Ragged School—Jem Goodman is a voluntary teacher in that school. Mr. Fitz-Stephen is a man of great intellect, large sympathies, and noble heart, who devotes his life to the service of his Great Master, and to that of the poorest of his fellow-creatures—the Ragged—those of whom you have heard as 'City Arabs,' 'English Kaffirs,' 'human vermin,' 'the dangerous,' 'the perishing' classes. Through him, and those like him, they are rescued on earth, and fitted for heaven; and Jem Goodman unites to his devotion to ragged schools that to the temperance movement, on which he believes, as I do, too, that the welfare of the poor depends. Now, do you begin to understand, Gerald, that it is no love for man as an individual that has wrought this change in me, but love for my Saviour, and those for whom He died?"

"I am very glad, at any rate," said Gerald, "that it is no earthly lover that engrosses your time and thoughts, Ada. The feelings you describe do not necessarily exclude all interest and affection for some one of your own rank of life, deserving (if any one could be deserving) of the rose of the world, and the dearest, loveliest, and best of her sex."

"They exclude, Gerald," said Ada, firmly, and almost solemnly, "all interest of the kind you glance at, in any man who could not enter warmly into my views—who would not be a co-worker with me in the great cause of Temperance and Ragged Schools. I cannot stoop from the heights I have reached to return to the petty interests, pleasures, and

occupations of vanity and ambition. My heart is in my work, and I could only give my affection to one who loved that work as much as I do."

Soon after this interview Gerald writes to her proposing marriage. We need not enter into further details. Our readers will scarcely believe that in spite of the absurdities with which the book abounds, in spite of the exquisitely ridiculous scenes in high life which compel us to laugh at the author instead of with her, there are passages of true pathos in the novel, of keen insight, of homely truth—passages which mark as wide a knowledge of the weaknesses and virtues of the poor, as the scenes to which we have alluded betray the writer's ignorance of our English aristocracy. One word in conclusion. We have assumed that this novel is written by a lady, nor do we think it possible we are mistaken. We advise her, before she ventures on the publication of another tale, to submit her manuscript to some man of severe judgment and cultivated taste, with the permission to strike out every feeble passage and every false sentiment. Such a critical ordeal cannot fail to prove of essential service to the author of "Hope Evermore" as well as to her readers.

A Strong Will and a Fair Tide. A Novel. 3 vols. By Miss G. M. Sterne, author of "The Village Neighbours," &c. (London: T. C. Newby.) We believe that if the authors to whose prolific pens we owe the never-failing supply of new three-volume novels which constitutes so large a portion of the mental pabulum of the reading public, were asked to describe a critic, the answer of no inconsiderable portion would be anything but favourable. Gall would be represented as his distinguishing characteristic; spleen his native element. At the risk of incurring this not eminently flattering judgment at the hands of the author of these volumes, who speaks of the critic "longing to pass a review on a work of which he understands not one word," we are bound to state that we think the book aforesaid deserving of strong censure. We shall first point out what we consider its most glaring faults, and then perhaps our few gracious words of conclusion may enable us to part, as the Italians say, "Con la bocca dolce." What seems most objectionable in the book, is the eminently slovenly and incorrect style in which it is written, arguing on the part of the author either extreme haste and negligence, or an ignorance of the elementary rules of prose composition—we had almost added, of orthography, difficult to conceive. The more gross mistakes, such as the sea rolling in tremendous volumes of *serge*, we must, of course, consider typographical, but remove all that can be construed as such, and abundance will remain to justify our censure. The verse, again, if we may dignify with that title the rhymeless, rhythmless, meaningless attempts with which the volume is overloaded, must, we fear, be traced, in the worst instances, to the same pen to which we owe the story, as we know of no "old or modern bard" to whom we dare ascribe it. Some of the characters, we also think, pass the bounds even of the burlesque, and almost the correct limits of the farcical. In spite of these faults, we do not dislike the book, and would not assign it too low a place amidst the ephemeral literature we are called upon so continually to review. The plot, pretending neither to ingenuity nor originality, is genial and healthy. It represents two strong and honest Englishmen in different ranks of life thrown together by chance, but respecting in each other the virtues they know to be kindred, and together in the gold fields of Australia working, like Jacob, each to earn

the Rachel of his choice; and it represents two equally strong and honest Englishwomen bearing up patiently and lovingly through the still harder ordeal of long and uncheered days of waiting, whose dull monotony is unbroken by incident or undisturbed by action. Around these central figures cluster the varying characters who assist the development of the plot. Convicts and clergymen, old maids and aborigines, are sketched with more or less talent. Not the least peculiar character in the book is a maiden aunt of the Mrs. Malaprop breed, whose choice vocabulary includes such awe-inspiring words as flexanimousness, evul-gation, and periclitation.

SHORT NOTICES.

Canadian Settler's Guide. (E. Stanford. 1860.) The essence of authorship is compression or selection, the result of care and deliberation, in the compilation of guide books, such as that published by the government of Canada for the direction of settlers. A very long chapter is devoted to a comparison of the advantages of Illinois with the British colony, and we need not add that the latter is represented—justly, we believe—in the more favourable light. Lord Seaton has pronounced favourably on this work, and the official returns amply bear out its recommendations of Canada, for its fertility and climate, to all who intend to make a home in the far west. We are given a poetical account of the months in Canada; practical hints on the choice, value, and occupation of land, as well as for the voyage; but the design for a church and school (p. 38) gives but a most unfavourable impression of the state of architecture, being a medley of all Gothic styles, from early English to the flat-headed domestic. Routes and passage-money, postage, minerals, trees, fisheries, and produce, are all duly mentioned; but the iniquitous confiscation of the clergy reserves is defended with singular want of honour and justice. The printing of the book by Messrs. Clowes is not of that excellence which marks the manner in which Messrs. Spottiswoode have produced Mr. Stanford's other guides.

Head and Hand. By the Rev. R. W. Fraser, M.A. (Houlston and Wright.) Some of the best books of the day are written for our juvenile population. Happy the girls and boys who have not yet outgrown frocks and jackets, or become insensible to the claims of story-books! What a store of pleasant things are provided for them at Christmas-time! What delicious out-door excursions and games can be enjoyed in the summer! In the old days when we were young (ah, woful when?), country and town were further from each other than they are now, and good books were precious rarities not always to be obtained. Now every taste may be gratified, and the loneliest hour of a child's life be made endurable, if not happy. Mr. Fraser's little volume is not a story, but not on that account will any young reader be inclined to put "Head and Hand" on one side as too grave a book for his perusal. "Its object is," we quote from the preface, "to point out, and to illustrate by interesting examples from ancient and modern biography, the principles and the practice on which prosperity and happiness depend." This object has been successfully attained. We heartily recommend the book.

Popular Education; What It Is, and What It Is Not. By M. A. B. (London: Bell and Daldy.) This paper, reprinted from "The Friend of the People," was to have been read at the meeting of the National Association at Glasgow, but was omitted for want of time. The great and important question which it discusses is, the best method of constructing a national system of education. The writer bases her argument on three fundamental doctrines,—first, that such a system should be conducted on a plan laid down by the state; secondly, it should be compulsory; and thirdly, it should be supported either partially or entirely by an education rate. Of course, none of these positions possess any novelty, but they are generally so little recognised or noticed, that whatever truth or advantage may be contained in them, runs no small risk of being overlooked. The question as to how

we are to educate the people, is proverbially one of the greatest difficulty, if, indeed, it is ever destined to be solved; and space does not permit us to enter upon it at the present time. We believe that the little tract before us will at any rate help to promote that amount of discussion on the subject, from which alone we can hope to see any effectual good spring; and therefore we have to recommend it to such of our readers as are interested in this most serious matter.

Researches in the Southern Gold-Fields of New South Wales. By Rev. W. B. Clarke, M.A. (Sydney: Reading and Millbank.) Mr. Clarke has received the high praise from Sir Roderick I. Murchison of having done "very much indeed for the geology of Australia." The little volume before us may be regarded as an authority on the subject of which it treats. It contains the reports presented to the Government by the author on the auriferous capabilities of the Alpine region with much additional information, as well as the result of Mr. Clarke's prolonged researches into the geological character of the country. The volume will prove of great interest to gold-diggers and to geologists, and the special value thus attaching to it will doubtless serve to give it an extensive sale. We are glad to learn that a second thousand has already been called for.

Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation. Eleventh edition. (London: Churchill.) This remarkable work has reached an eleventh edition—a fact which testifies how strongly the questions which it discusses agitate the public mind. It is needless at this time to enter into any arguments against the position taken up by the author of the "Vestiges," but at the present time when the essay on the Mosaic cosmogony in a certain notable volume has attracted so much attention, a new edition of the work which almost first broke ground on the subject will not be inopportune. It is illustrated by a number of capital wood engravings.

MEDICAL WORK.

Infant Feeding, and Its Influence on Life. By Dr. Routh. (Churchill.) All who consider the startling fact, that of the children born in England one in five dies within a year of its birth, and one in three before the completion of the fifth year, and that this fearful rate of mortality in a great measure depends upon injudicious feeding, will receive with something more than pleasure the able written work of Dr. Routh before us. The subject of Infantile Dietetics is one upon which the great majority of persons having the management of children are lamentably ignorant; and we feel convinced that the experience of every medical man must supply numerous instances of fatal disease arising solely from causes which the most superficial knowledge would have prevented. The chapter on the vegetable substitutes for human milk is especially deserving of most careful consideration, as well by the lay as the professional reader. "I cannot conceive," says Dr. Routh, "anything more injurious than this popular arrowroot feeding," and yet by how many mothers is not arrowroot considered the perfection of artificial food! The remarks on the selection of wet nurses are also of great importance. Although more within the province of the medical practitioner than the general reader, this subject is one upon which a mother cannot be too well informed. In conclusion, we heartily recommend this work to the perusal of all who are in any way interested in the management of infancy, whether professionally or as parents.

THE MAGAZINES.

"Temple Bar." In a few kindly words at the end of this month's "Cornhill," Mr. Thackeray expresses his opinion that there is plenty of room for the new comer. The character of "Temple Bar" is so exactly like that of the "Cornhill," that unless Mr. Thackeray's opinion is correct, they would undoubtedly interfere with one another. "Temple Bar," we ought to say, is sixteen pages larger than its predecessor. But let us quit these inviolate comparisons, and briefly notice the principal articles exposed in our new storehouse,

and criticise them on their own merits. We may as well begin where we doubt not every other reader of "Temple Bar" will begin—in the middle—with the first instalment of the editor's "Travels in Middlesex." To say that it is written by Mr. Sala, is to affirm at the same time that it is wit, brilliance, and a host of other admirably amusing qualities. We will not spoil our readers' enjoyment by telling them what it is about; perhaps on finishing its perusal we are somewhat vague on the point ourselves. We think it one of the most successful effusions of Mr. Sala's successful pen; and indeed, if an editor does not put his best leg foremost in the first number of his own journal, when will he? The paper on "Francis Bacon," written, we understand, by Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson, is a résumé of the doctrines relative to the Elizabethan sage, to be brought forward in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's new volume. The article gives a very neat and satisfactory account, though of course very brief, of the forthcoming work. We should have liked it all the better if Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson had spared us the introductory remarks as to justice being an eternal power—a fact we remember to have heard on several previous occasions. "Notes on Circumstantial Evidence," by Mr. W. S. Austin, are very smart and tolerably original. We regret, however, that he has not given himself more room. We should gladly have dispensed in his favour with some portion of the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew's "Traveling Reminiscences." They combine two characteristics to which we have an intense dislike—egotism and clerical jauntiness. Though Middlesex is not such a *terra incognita* as Lebanon, we prefer Mr. Sala on the one to Mr. Bellew on the other. The most substantial article is Mr. John Oxenford's scholarlike account of "The Kalevala," the epic of the Finns. In quantity of poetry, "Temple Bar" is very rich; in quality, not above the average. Our own favourite is Mr. Stigant's poem on "The Northern Muse," which has a genuine poetic ring about it. In the department of fiction, of the story, "For Better, for Worse," we can scarcely speak, on the strength of so small an instalment. Another number will enable us to form a more sound opinion. "Gold and Dross" is a prettily-written tale, with a moral likely to prove very useful to the weaker vessels. On the whole, we congratulate Mr. Sala on the result of his labours. "Temple Bar" contains variety of subjects, and skill or brilliance in their treatment. Perhaps its quality would be improved by lessening the number and increasing the length of the articles.

The "Cornhill" for December is by no means the dullest number that has appeared of this most popular serial. Among the most pleasing articles we note an exceedingly ingenious and interesting essay, entitled "The History of a Fable," endeavouring to trace the first-home of fable to India. Much is advanced in favour of the theory, but considerable discussion will be necessary to dispel the mists that envelop past ages, before the actual birthplace of any of the Protean forms of romance can be definitely assigned. "How I was upset" is a little "caprice" to borrow a word from music, about yachting and the shores of the Mediterranean. "The Criminal Law and the Detection of Crime" is a philosophical article, taking the Road murder for its text, and dwelling upon the distinct and opposing methods adopted to secure conviction in this country and in France. "Our Natural Enemies" is on the method of preserving stone from decay. "The Pope's City and the Pope's Protectors" is a forcible and not overdrawn sketch of the misgovernment and anarchy that prevail in Rome, showing that those evils are only aggravated by the hateful presence of the French army of occupation. Then appears a well-written homage to self-made men, in the shape of an article entitled "Success," and a sparkling essay addressed to would-be playwrights, not over encouraging, one may easily guess, and entitled—"Behind the Scenes." These, with some poetry, than which we have read better, another stage of the "Framley Parsonage," a second letter from Paterfamilias on the misgovernment of Elton, and No. 9 of the "Roundabout Papers," complete this month's issue. The last mentioned article contains a kind and genial review of the "Memorials of Thomas Hood."

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Abbott (J.), *The Young Christian*, by Cunningham, new edition 12mo., 2s. and 2s. 6d. J. Blackwood.

Adcock's Engineer's Pocket-book, 1861, 6s. Simpkin.

Addington (W.), *Some Account of Abbey Church of St. Peter and Paul at Dorchester*, 8vo., 6s. J. H. Parker.

Alexander's (T.) *Plain Paths for Youthful Runners*, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Nelson.

Annals of the Rescued, by Author of "Haste to the Rescue," 12mo., 2s. 6d. Nisbet.

Babes in the Basket, or *Daph and her Charge*, 16mo., 1s. 6d. Low.

Baillie (Rev. Jas.), *Grace Abounding*, New Facts in the Revival, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Nisbet.

Banking Almanack and Director, 1861, 8vo., 5s. Groombridge.

Barnard (J.), *Theory and Practice Landscape in Water Colours*, new edition, royal 8vo., 2s. Routledge.

Beaumont (H.), *French for Children*, 12mo., 2s. Williams and Norgate.

Bell (Rev. S. C.), *The Hand, Its Mechanism and Vital Endowment*, 6th edition, post 8vo., 6s. Murray.

Blunt (J. J.), *Essays Contributed to Quarterly Review*, 8vo., 12s. Murray.

Boat and Caravan Tour in Egypt and Syria, new edition, 12mo., 5s. 6d. Bell.

Bremer (J.), *Two Years in Switzerland*, 2 vols. post 8vo., 2s. Hurst and Blackett.

Bunyan (J.), *Profitable Meditations*, Notes by Offer, 4s. Hotten.

Burford Cottage and Its Robin Redbreast, new edition, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Tegg.

Carmichael (Mrs.), *Happiness of Obedience*, 12mo., 2s. J. Blackwood.

Carlyle (Dr. A.), *Autobiography*, 8vo., 14s. Blackwood.

Caleb in Search of a Cook, 12mo., 2s. J. Blackwood.

Charlsworth (Miss), *England's Yesterdays, from Life in 19th Century*, 12mo., 5s. Seeley.

Child's Companion, 1860, 8vo., 1s. 6d. Tract Society.

Child's Own Picture-Book Tales and Poems, new edition, 16mo., 3s. 6d.

Cities of Refuge, or Name of Jesus, 16mo., 1s. 6d. Nisbet.

Clyde (J.), *Greek Syntax*, 2nd edition, 12mo., 4s. Simpkin.

Collins (W.), *Antonia, or the Fall of Rome*, post 8vo., 5s. Low.

Conquests of Mexico and Peru by Cortez and Pizarro, 12mo., 3s. 6d. J. Blackwood.

Davidson (W.), *Detached Musings, Causes of Opinions of Men*, 12mo., 2s. and 2s. 6d. Godwin.

Dictionary of Contemporary Biography, post 8vo., 8s. 6d. Griffin.

Dodd (W.), *Beauties of Shakespeare*, new edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Tegg.

Erichsen (J. E.), *Science and Art of Surgery*, 3rd edition, 8vo., 2s. Walton.

Exiles of Italy, new edition, post 8vo., 2s. Ward and Lock.

Eyre (Sir J.), *Stomach and Its Difficulties*, 5th edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Churchill.

Family Friend, Christmas Volume, post 8vo., 2s. 6d. Ward and Lock.

Fancy Tales from the German, 16mo., 5s. Low.

Favourite Picture-Book, new edition, 4to., 3s. 6d. Griffith and Sons.

Fifty Soft Voluntaries from the Great Masters, 4to., 1s. Sheard.

Finlayson (W.), *Common Law Procedure Act*, 1852-4-60, 12mo., 10s. 6d. Stevens.

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Walker's Dictionary, by Davis, new edition, 8vo., 4s. 6d. Tegg.

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Whiteholt (Bulstrode), *Memoirs, Biographical and Historical*, 8vo., 12s. Routledge.

Wilks (E.), *Edward Irving on Ecclesiastical Biography*, 2nd edition, 12mo., 2s. and 2s. 6d. Goddard.

Wilson (C.), *Adventures of Mr. Simon Snaffles*, 12mo., 1s. Simpkin.

Wilson (D.), *True Doctrine of the Atonement*, 8vo., 1s. Seelye.

WE learn that a new and cheaper edition (the fourth) of "Twenty Years in the Church," by the Rev. J. Pycroft, is in preparation by Mr. Booth; also a new performance, "Ways and Words of Men of Letters," by the same author. Mr. Booth's list includes, "The Tchinnovs," a series of Russian provincial sketches from the original of "Salitikow," with notes by Frederick Aston, Esq., many years resident in Russia; and a reprint of the first edition of Shakespere is proceeding with "safest haste."

THE EARL OF DUNDONALD.

A SONNET.

In Memoriam.

Our last Sea-King is gone! Young Cochrane came
In such rare garb of old heroic days,
That the trim age we live in gave poor praise!
For those high feats that crowned his early fame,
Yet calm above the surge that dashed his name,
Or trusty duty bound he went his way—
Too proud to holt and brush aside the spray.
That faith had soiled his shield with rust of shame.
Yet well he garners up renown at last;
And every hand is helping. Well may all
Now erase the blotted memory of the past,
And on a generous future's reverence call;
While his hushed country, hot tears falling fast,
Stands all abashed beside the sailor's pall.

A. H. H.
THE WEEK.

Only once in four years do the affairs of the United States occasion much sensation in Europe. Of course, there is an occasional "fix" in the Senate, and a member or two murdered; and not unfrequently a "difficulty" purely domestic turns up, and A-Thousand-and-One Street is the scene of some co-respondent bloodshedding. But the affairs of the nation are always quiet excepting at the period of the election for President. This is no particular consequence of the boasted republicanism. It is a matter of geographical position. Save on a boundary question, the States are never drawn into disputes with foreign Powers. Under these circumstances, it is but natural that a people who really can fight as well as any people on the earth, should fight amongst themselves; and the election for President is always a safe occasion for plenty of hot blood between the Northern and the Southern States. Because Mr. Lincoln is on the liberal side of politics, the nation is to divide itself in halves—one white, the other black and white. The negro is, after all, a very important personage. Two thousand of him are wanted every year, on the King of Dahomey's birthday, to be beheaded. He gets Mr. Sumner's head punched. He costs England millions a-year to have trading in him suppressed. Captains R.N. get sun-strokes entirely on his account; and hundreds of genuine Englishmen black their hands and faces in order to get a living by looking like him, and singing meaningless songs. And yet distinguished amateur naturalists insist that he is no man after all—principally from the fact that his heel projects, and that the "hollow of his foot makes a hole in the ground." However, if he be not a man, he is at least a colourable imitation of a man, and is just now the most prominent animal in the world. Nothing need be feared from this apparently probable collision between the Northern and Southern States. It is a case of boy and wolf, but is not likely to have so serious a termination in our generation. Every four years Uncle Tom is trotted out for European sympathy; and still we go on forgetting the horrors of European slavery, which exists under other names, almost all over the Continent, and from which even our own island is not free.

OVER THE SEA.

The election of Mr. Lincoln as President of the United States has occasioned a vast amount of nonsense to be talked about "American Institutions," "Republican Institutions," and so forth. Mr. Lincoln is a remarkable man, and people would fix his peculiarities upon his country instead of upon himself. He is a self-made man. How Mr. Smiles would love him! He is a self-made man several times over—something like an assembly of self-made men—just as if Franklin, Ferguson, Thackwell, and a few more, met in one man, to have a pleasant evening. He has been several things, and he will be a few more, probably, before he dies. Half-a-dozen times has he commenced life afresh, and each time done all for himself. This is curious enough, but more curious still

is the fact that Mr. Lincoln should find the necessity for so much change. He must surely resemble our British "Jack," who is of all trades, and master of none. Of course, he may have struck out his proper "platform" at last; but the world generally mistrusts the man of several excellences and several failures, and always believes that a man should be what he has been. All readers will remember that splendid fable of Douglas Jerrold—"To the lemon-seller the world seemed to have grown tired of lemons—none would buy." He studied the world's taste, found it to have an astonishing tendency towards oranges; laid in a good stock, and lustily called his wares. But the ungrateful world passed by, saying, "Oranges! no, no! lemons!" This "universal" faculty possessed by Mr. Lincoln, is ascribed to the freedom of action possible in a large country, and to those eternal "institutions." It would be about as sensible to ascribe the tune of "Yankee Doodle" to the "institutions." If that really be the case, where are the other universalists? for it is idle to suppose that a century has been passed in raising certain "institutions" which have raised only one man—and that one man being principally remarkable for failing, sooner or later, at everything that he attempts. He may make a bad President, and have to look out for another "platform." Upon the whole, there appears to be great comfort in a tight little isle, with suffering, crowded millions, and shoemakers not going beyond their lasts.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

Every few years the Chinese case becomes more dismal. Treaties are, in popular phrase, mere waste paper. We are always having to teach them lessons, and they are always proving themselves the profoundest dunderheads in the world. They forget all about Commissioner Yeh; they forget how we walked into their forts the back way, when they had made every preparation for a graceful reception at the street door. Year after year we have instances of their treachery. One time it is an affair of a lorchha, then a whole colony is subjected to the delights of poisoned bread; lastly, "Our own Correspondent," and others, are stuck into cages (we suppose) precisely at the very moment when they are arranging the preliminaries of a treaty. The treaty will be worth but little when it is made. When the British back is turned, John Chinaman will tear it to pieces. Despite the respect paid even by savages to the representatives of kings and queens, no man need envy our ambassador, if we have one, at the court of Pekin. He may be skinned, or impaled, or have his eyes taken out, and replaced upside down, at the caprice of a wretch who does not mind the punishment that will inevitably follow. What is it to the Emperor of China that a few thousands of his subjects are slain in war? or that a few millions in silver are occasionally spent in indemnification? He has so many subjects, and so much silver, that he cannot realise in his mind any such matter as a loss.

THE EMPRESS.

The hack cab chartered by her Majesty the Empress Eugénie has become more celebrated than the Lord Mayor's coach, or Cinderella's fairy carriage. From the moment that concealment was attempted, every movement of the Empress has been acutely watched and carefully chronicled. She has her regular column in the morning papers now, and is treated with all the respect paid to an advertisement, or a "Naval and Military Intelligence." She is put into "small caps"—she is "leaded"—she is "metal ruled"—she is made into "pie"—she is "cast off." Poor lady! Why not respect her wish to keep as private as possible? It is unmanly thus to play the Acteon, or the Tom. It is, moreover, undignified, or worse, to be running after princes. There is plenty of real value in things of this world for people to study, without being driven to study what, after all, are simply curiosities.

MUSIC.

COVENT GARDEN.

The entertainments at this house have been pleasantly varied by the production of M. Victor Massé's lively operetta, "Les Noces de Jeannette," adapted by Mr. Harrison under the name of "The Marriage of Georgette." A peasant, Jacques (Mr. H. Corri), on the point of being united to his affianced bride, Georgette (Miss L. Pyne), in the presence of the notary and his own village friends, is so daunted at the matrimonial prospect before him, that he runs away, leaving his intended bride Georgette exposed to the derision of the villagers, and her own melancholy reflections. Whilst Jacques is congratulating himself on his happy release, he is startled by the appearance of Georgette, who causes him a fresh alarm by the information that her father, an old soldier, is about to avenge the insult offered to his daughter by taking his life. Overcome with terror, Jacques signs a paper presented to him by Georgette, which turns out to be a marriage contract. Finding himself thus outwitted, Jacques determines on showing himself in his blackest colours; and, after informing Georgette what her duties will be in her new condition, in a fit of passion, half assumed, throws down all the furniture, breaks the crockery, and finally, overcome by his potations, retires into a granary to sleep. During his absence, Georgette replaces all the broken furniture with new articles from her own store; and Jacques, awakening from his slumbers, overhearing the most enchanting and melodious strains issuing from his wife's throat, and seduced by the still more powerful attraction of a plentiful supper which she has prepared for him, is gladly reconciled; and the happy couple once more united, the curtain falls upon the groups of villagers assembled to partake of the joyous wedding ceremonies.

The music, though of the slightest texture possible, is not devoid of elegance and a certain sparkle, which may sometimes pass as a substitute for melody; it has little or no affinity with the music of Aubert (in spite of what the critics say), but resembles rather that of Halevy, amongst whose musical gifts that of melody is certainly not the most conspicuous. There are but two interlocutors in the piece, and the part assigned to Jacques is one which demands histrionic rather than vocal power for its successful personation. Of the three songs allotted to Georgette, the first, commencing with the words "Amongst the village swains," is not in any way remarkable; the second, the "Needle Song," (as we suppose it will be called, after the fashion of the "Shadow Song") is lively and elegant; and the third, the "Song of the Nightingale," with flute obbligato admirably played by Mr. Pratten, is a most florid and elaborate composition, full of rapid and difficult divisions, but admirably calculated to display to the utmost Miss Pyne's brilliant and fluent vocalisation. The overture, which opens with a joyful peal of bells, is quite rustic and appropriate in character. This lively little piece has for some years enjoyed a very considerable degree of popularity in all the principal theatres of France, provincial as well as metropolitan: and if anything can ensure for it a similar success on our own stage, it will be the admirable singing and acting of Miss Pyne, in both of which she was unexceptionable. Mr. H. Corri, too, deserves praise for his spirited acting and vigorous humour, which had no inconsiderable effect in deciding the success of the piece. It will consequently be played nightly, in conjunction with Loder's opera, until Thursday next, when Balfe's new legendary opera, "Bianca, the Bravo's Bride," is to be produced, in which the principal characters will be sustained by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Thirlwall, Messrs. Harrison, Corri, and Lawrence.

HER MAJESTY'S.

The usual performances of "Robin Hood," (three in number,) and one of "Martha," "Trovatore," and "Lucrèce Borgia" respectively, with Mr. Swift in the place of Sims Reeves, and, on one occasion, in that of Giuglini, (as *Gennaro* in the "Lucrèce") are all that we have to record during the past week. Ever since the performance of "Martha," the audiences have been much more numerous than they had previously been, rivaling, in fact, the

appearance of the house on a "Robin Hood" night, which opera, by the way, at the time we write, is to be performed but three more times before Christmas. "Queen Topaze," one of M. Victor Massé's works, is to be the next novelty here, which will probably be produced early in December; Wallace's "Amber Witch" being reserved for the new year.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The choir of the London Tonic Sol-Fa Association gave their first concert on Tuesday last at this hall. The programme was of the most miscellaneous description, including compositions by Palestrina, Auber, Spofforth, Sayles, Kaliwoda, and Mendelssohn. The body of the hall and the galleries were well filled, the audience being enthusiastic rather than discriminating; for, whilst some of the more common-place effusions, such as "Call John" and "The Fairies Song," were rapturously *encore*d, hardly a single plaudit followed the execution of Mendelssohn's "Skylark." Generally speaking, the singing was rough and hearty; and much practice will be necessary before this association can appeal to the public with any confidence. Mr. W. S. Young seems to have taken great pains with the choir, and the applause bestowed upon him by the audience, on his appearance in the orchestra, may be taken to indicate their appreciation of his efforts. The stalls presented so very desolate an appearance, that we fear the result of this, the first concert, may not have been so financially successful as its supporters could have wished.

At the third of the "Monday Popular Concerts," the instrumental pieces were selected from the works of Beethoven. Mr. Charles Hallé and Signor Patti obtained the honour of a recall for their exquisite rendering of Beethoven's sonata in F major for violoncello and pianoforte. The programme was as follows:

PART I.	
Quartett in C minor	Beethoven.
Song, "The Portrait"	Benedict.
Song, "Can't thou deem"	Macfarren.
Sonata in E flat (piano)	Beethoven.

PART II.	
Sonata in F (violoncello and piano)	Beethoven.
Song, "Après un po'	Mozart.
Song, "Knowst thou the land?"	Beethoven.
Trio in G major—Op. 1.	

The instrumental performers were, as usual, M. Sainton, Herrn Ries and Schreurs, Signor Patti and Mr. Charles Hallé; the vocalists, Mr. Sainton and Miss Gerrard. The fourth concert, which will take place on Monday next, will be simply a repetition of the first, comprising selections from the works of Spohr, Weber, and Dusek.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

By a judicious curtailment of the programme, and the total omission of the pianoforte solos, which (with the exception of Mr. George Cusins's performances) have hitherto been anything but satisfactory, Saturday's concert, the fourth of the series, was comprised within the very reasonable limits of an hour and a half,—quite long enough, when the time of the day, the season of the year, and the distance from town, are taken into consideration. Herr Manns always judiciously opens these concerts with some grand orchestral work by one of the great masters; and on this occasion, the symphony chosen was that of Mendelssohn in A major, or the Italian, as it is sometimes designated; and most admirably did the band acquit themselves in the performance of it, marking the various lights and shades (a due observance of which is quite indispensable in all Mendelssohn's compositions) with the utmost precision and delicacy. The prominent harmonies assigned to the horns in the *menuetto* were executed with the most perfect intonation, giving evidence of a careful and thorough study of the part; a feature not so observable in the rendering of this same symphony, when we last heard it a month or two since at Exeter Hall, at the first of the People's Philharmonic Concerts. The remaining instrumental pieces were Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," with which the entertainment terminated, capitally played by the band; and Ernst's fantasia on airs from "Il Pirata," for the violin; which was very well performed by Mr. Joseph Heine, a young blind violinist, who, we fancy, is capable of playing with great pathos and expression, though rather deficient in power of tone. Madame Palmieri made her first appearance as a concert singer on this occasion; and

besides singing the "Caro nome," from "Rigoletto," and the Polacca from "I Puritani" (which latter was *encore*ed), joined Signor Palmieri in the duetto "E'l sol dell'anima," also from "Rigoletto." This lady is far more at home in music of the Italian school than in any other; and whilst she executes Verdi's airs with an ease and confidence that can arise only from thorough familiarity with them, she makes little or no impression in the "Night Dancers." Signor Palmieri, besides singing in the duet above mentioned, gave the familiar song from the "Bohemian Girl,"—"When other lips and other hearts,"—with tolerable success. His voice is a tenor of full and rich quality, when restrained within due bounds; but otherwise produces a painful effect by an attempt to reach notes not fairly and naturally within its register; his intonation, too, is far from faultless. Miss Eleanor Armstrong sang the celebrated song, "Flow on, flow on, O silver Rhine!" from "Lurline," and also the grand scene, "Bal raggio," from the "Semiramide;" both pieces (but especially the latter), being far beyond her powers at present; a little less ambition on the part of this lady, and she would produce a much greater effect, as she has a sweet voice, and has evidently undergone some training, though hardly enough, in our opinion, to warrant her attempting pieces only within the grasp of finished *artistes*. This afternoon Madame Rudersdorff is announced to sing, and the Orpheus Glee Union are to give some of their choice four-part songs.

MUSICAL GOSIP.

At the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, the first representation of M. Felicien David's opera in three acts, "Herculanum," took place on Sunday last, under the personal superintendence of the composer, and was crowned with the most complete success.

The Society for the restoration of the Plain Chant and general Cultivation of Ecclesiastical Music, held its first meeting during the present season on Thursday last, at Paris. The labours of the society were inaugurated by the performances of a Mass, at the church of Saint Eustache, on which occasion the choirs of several adjoining parishes gave their services; the whole being under the direction of M. Hurand, the chapel-master. Some select pieces from the works of Palestrina, and other composers of the sixteenth century, were sung. M. Edouard Batiste presided at the organ.

It seems that the expenses of the Opéra at Paris are no longer to be defrayed from the civil list. It is whispered in professional circles that the appointment of a new office is in contemplation—that of Superintendent of the Fine Arts; under whose cognizance will be brought both the Grand Opéra and the Conservatoire. Prince Poniatowski is named as the person most likely to be appointed to this office.

The opening of the new hall of the Théâtre Lyrique will be inaugurated by a performance of an opera in five acts, "Les Troyens;" both the libretto and the music being the composition of M. Hector Berlioz.

At the same house also is shortly to be produced another new opera, in three acts—"Les Pêcheurs de Catane," by M. Aimé Maillard. The performances during the past week have been Gluck's "Orphée," and Halevy's "Le Val d'Andorre," alternately.

M. Offenbach's new opera in three acts, "Le Roi Barkout" (libretto by MM. Scribe and Boisseaux), will be produced next Monday at the Opéra Comique. Not only is the *mise-en-scène* of the grandest description possible, but the music throughout is said to be as melodious as it is original. The principal characters in it will be sustained by Mmes. Saint-Urbain, Belia, and Casimir; MM. Sainte-Foy, Berthelier, Nathan, Lemaire, Warot, and Duverney.

The normal diapason will be introduced at the above theatre for the first time on the occasion of the first performance of Auber's new opera, which is expected shortly to take place.

A grand musical performance will take place on Wednesday, December 19th, at the Théâtre Impérial des Italiens. On this occasion will be performed choral symphony, entitled "Poèmes de la Mer," the words by M. Autran, and the music by M. Wekerlin. The band and chorus will number one hundred and fifty performers.

Flotow's "Marta" is in active rehearsal at the Opera, with Mimes. Marie Battu and Albini, and Signors Mario and Graxiani, in the principal parts.

Madame Borghi-Mamo, in the character of *Fides*, in Meyerbeer's "Prophète," has been achieving the highest success at Boulogne. It is understood that this lady is about to give a series of representations at Milan; from whence she will return to London in the spring, being engaged during the ensuing season.

The *fête* of Saint Cecilia was celebrated at the church of St. Germain des Prés by the opening of a new organ, the manufacture of M. Stoltz, Paris. This instrument, though it has only fifteen stops, and two rows of keys, is said to produce all the effects of one twice its size. Performances were given on it by MM. Moncouteau, Adrien Gros, and Charles Hess.

On the same occasion a Grand Mass, the composition of MM. Gounod and Vervoitte, was performed at the church of Saint Roch by the Association of the Choral Societies of the Seine. During the offertory, a composition of Sebastian Bach, arranged for violin, harp, and organ, by M. Gounod, was performed.

The "Gazette Muscale" records the recent death of Madlle. Maurice Reuschel, well known in Parisian circles as an admirable pianiste and composer.

A new instrument, somewhat resembling our own "Chirogymnast," has lately been invented at Paris; it is called the Clavier Brauwe, from the inventor, and has been approved by M. Marmontel, professor at the Conservatoire.

Cherubini's Mass, composed for the consecration of Charles X., was performed last Tuesday at the Madeleine by 300 artistes, members of the Imperial Academy of Music, under the direction of MM. Dietrich and Vauthrot.

M. Ch. Hansens has just completed his opera in four acts—"Le Siège de Calais," which will be given at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, during the present season.

Madlle. Lancia, whose performances at the Eastern Opera House, Whitechapel, we have more than once had occasion to commend, has recently been singing at Manchester with the most marked success.

Discouraged by the reception accorded to his recent dramatic productions, M. Scribe is said to be about to retire from the literary world, of which he is so distinguished an ornament. It is rather curious that the same want of success has attended the later works of our own clever dramatist, Tom Taylor; but we hope that no such step is in contemplation by the latter gentleman, from whose fertile pen we trust we shall see many more "Varieties of English Life."

A new work by the celebrated violinist, M. de Beriot, is announced; it consists of about a dozen caprices for the violin solo, all in the highest style of art.

Madlle. Orwill, a pupil of Madame Viardot-Garcia, has made a tolerably successful *début* in the rôle of *Eurydice*, in Gluck's "Orphée," at the Théâtre Lyrique.

A similar success is also recorded of Madame Hillen-Mitchell, who made her first appearance in the part of *Mathilde* in "Guillaume Tell" at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, Brussels.

A "History of Music in France," by M. Poisot, has just been published in Paris.

Herr Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," considered by the composer himself to be the least effective of all his works, has recently been performed at Vienna with the most decided success.

Offenbach's fairy ballet, "Papillon," in which Madlle. Emma Livry, the distinguished pupil of Madlle. Taglioni, takes the part of *Forfallo*, was produced on Monday last at the Opéra, Paris, and was entirely successful.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

Mr. Tom Taylor's new comedy "The Babes in the Wood," continues to attract an audience to the Haymarket. The hero of the piece, *Frank Rushton*, (Mr. W. Farren) has eloped with the daughter of the Earl of Lazenby (Miss Amy Sedgwick), and the scene opens upon them in a lodging house in

Jermyn Street, just as they make the pleasant discovery that the parents of these two Babes in the Wood—so named on account of their simplicity and helplessness—have withdrawn their respective allowances, and that absolute, literal want is staring them in the face. All the resources which present themselves to the minds of the two babes are tried, with what success may easily be conceived. Then follows a struggle, sharp though short, including a visit to the Queen's Bench prison. At length the lady's father, the *Earl of Lazebby* (Mr. Chippendale), who has only been prevented from clasping his daughter to his breast by the fear of her step-mother, who, though never appearing upon the stage, counts for no unimportant personage in the progress of the drama, pays his son-in-law's debts with stage promptness, and all is well. The fun of the piece depends upon the lodging-house-keeper, *Jeremiah Beetle* (Mr. Buckstone), whose humorous complaints of the hardship of his lot, grotesque jealousy of his wife (Mrs. Wilkins), only equalled by his fear of that awe-inspiring matron, absolute delight at the freedom he enjoys when an inmate of prison, together with the mistrust which, while there, he evidences to his wife's advances towards reconciliation, are as mirth-moving as can well be conceived. The parts are all well sustained. Miss Sedgwick is as graceful, as lady-like, as up to her part, and, in a word, as charming, as she always is. Mr. Chippendale's *Earl of Lazebby*, albeit a little too used to the melting mood, is very pathetic. The audience sympathise with the characters throughout the play, the interest does not fail, nor is the action suspended.

LYCUM.

A piece, founded on the absurd story of "Handy Andy," and bearing the same name, has been brought out here, in order to give Mr. John Drew, the Irish comedian, an opportunity of displaying his powers. The play, however, is so ludicrous, and so exaggerated, that we are really unable to judge of what Mr. John Drew's powers may be. It is really curious that anybody should be found ready to patronise such a form of amusement as this over-drawn picture of society, for we presume it is intended for a picture of society of some sort.

ST. JAMES'S.

A new Servian *dansacee sourette*, from St. Petersburg, has come out at this theatre, in a curious little piece entitled "The Two Smacks." The dialogue is carried on in two languages, French and English, the latter having replaced the German, in which the part was originally written. The piece, however, is merely the framework for the dancing. The new *dansacee* has nothing very new about her style; it is rather more masculine than the school of dancing now most in vogue.

SCIENCE.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Wednesday, Nov. 21, 1860.—Dr. Hunt in the chair. Mr. Hogg read a paper, in which he pointed out the various mistakes that have arisen between George the Arian Bishop and St. George the Martyr, and showed how stories that were true of the one had been attributed to the other, owing to the carelessness of the chroniclers; and this, too, even in works so generally excellent as Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography."

Mr. Vaux read a paper on "Recent Researches at Carthage," in continuation of one he read about a year since, in which he called attention to the remarkable excavations made by Mr. Beale on the presumed site of the Byrsa, and mentioned the great success which had attended him, though the means at his disposal were very limited.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

A very crowded meeting of this society was held on Monday evening—Lord Ashburton, president, in the chair.

Among those present were, Sir R. I. Murchison, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Captain Zeilan (of Denmark), Captain Jansen (of Utrecht), Admirals Fitroy and Erskine, Mr. Olafsson (of the Diet of Iceland), Dr. Olaf Gunelson, Generals Portlock, Monteith, and Cannon; Sir Thomas Fremantle, Sir Justin Sheil, Sir John Login; Colonels Shaffner (of the United States), Sykes, M.P., Lefroy, Gawler,

West, and Lane Fox; Viscount Strangford; Dr. Rae, Captains Sir F. L. McClintock, Sir E. Belcher, Sir F. Nicholson; Mr. Arrowsmith, Mr. Thomson Hankey, M.P., Drs. M'Cosh and Camps; Professor Anstead, Professor Tennant, the Hon. G. Waldegrave, &c.

The Rev. L. J. Bernays, the Earl of Dunmore, Major J. B. Edwards, Lieutenant A. G. Glasscott, R.N., Colonel W. L. Grant, W. R. Halliday, R. W. Keate (Lieutenant-governor of Trinidad), Lieutenant-Colonel W. K. Lloyd, Rev. R. C. Lumden, Captain Sir F. L. McClintock, R.N., Captain R. L. Playfair, Rev. G. Richards, Lieutenant-Colonel L. Shadwell, Consul Don Ramon de Silva Ferro, Colonel Sir Anthony Stirring (assistant commissioner-general); Messrs. E. Strickland, T. S. Begbie, H. W. Bird, A. Cave, J. Rodney Croxley, T. Devine (chief of surveys, Canada), N. Gould, B. Handley, A. Jessopp, F. Perkins (Mayor of Southampton), W. Richardson, M.D., J. Sheren, J. C. Sim, J. W. Sullivan, and J. Irvine Whitty, D.C.L., were elected fellows.

Captain Maury, of the United States Navy, who was warmly received by the audience, addressed the meeting on the "Physical Geography of the Sea, more particularly in connection with the Climatology, &c., of the Antarctic Regions." He commenced by noticing the Nautical Congress at Brussels in 1853, at which a system of observations was determined on by the representatives of England, the United States, Holland, France, and Russia; and, in accordance with that plan, instructions were given to the commanders of the ships of those nations to make observations in all latitudes. The result has been the collection of upwards of 1,000,000 observations on the currents of the ocean, the direction of the winds, the temperature, the height of the barometer, and other meteorological phenomena, the whole of which Captain Maury undertook to discuss, and some of the results of which he described. He stated that, in pursuing the investigation of the physical geography of the sea, the inquirer is led into the examination of phenomena connected with various sciences, which he must pursue to arrive at satisfactory conclusions. The points to which he especially drew the attention of the meeting were the directions and variations of the trade winds north and south of the equator, and the difference in the temperature and in the height of the barometer. Taking bands of latitude 5 deg. wide from the equator, he found that on the south the direction of the wind in the bands nearest the equator was more southerly than in the bands more remote, until, on arriving at south latitude between 35 deg. and 40 deg., the wind during exactly half the year was southerly, and for the other half northerly. The much larger proportion of water in the southern hemisphere is sufficient to account for its warmer temperature, and Captain Maury supposes the effect to be produced by the greater fall of rain observed in the south. On the coast of Patagonia the annual fall of rain, if estimated from the observed fall during forty-one days, must be nearly twelve feet, instead of two feet, as in the neighbourhood of London; and this great condensation of the vapour, he assumes, causes it to part with its latent heat and warm the atmosphere. The lower state of the barometer in the southern hemisphere he did not attempt to explain, but contented himself with mentioning the fact that the average of a vast number of observations shows that the mean height of the barometer is half an inch less than north of the equator. Beyond 50 deg. S., the wind blows generally towards the pole, and this regular current of air Captain Maury attributes to the comparative heat of the Antarctic regions. Another curious fact is, that the wind is much stronger in the south of the equator than on the north. The frequent appearance of large icebergs in the Antarctic seas indicates that there must be land there, for icebergs are never formed at sea; and he called on the Royal Geographical Society to promote explorations to the South Pole, which might open important resources. He said that the region to be explored—of which we know no more than of the moon—is only ten days' steam from Australia; and if this country did not shortly undertake to investigate the hidden treasures of the Antarctic circle, the United States would "go a-head."

After an animated conversation, and some observations from the President, thanks were unanimously voted to Captain Maury; and the meeting adjourned to the 10th of December, when papers on South-West China will be read.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 20.—Colonel Sykes, V.P., M.P., in the Chair. M. De Parieu, of Paris, was elected a Foreign Honorary Member, and W. J. Bowill, Q.C., M.P., A. Hamilton, and George Porter, Esquires, were elected Fellows of the Society. Mr. Barwick Leyd Baker, of Hardwicke Court, Gloucestershire, read a paper "On the Criminal Returns, 1854-9, with especial reference to the influence of Reformatories." In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, Mr. Newmarch, Dr. Truman, Mr. Holland, Mr. W. G. Lumley, Dr. Webster, Mr. Hammack, Mr. Alfred Hill, Mr. Boult, and Mr. Hodge took part, and thanks having been voted to Mr. Baker, the meeting separated.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

Thursday, November 22.—W. S. W. Vaux, President, in the chair.

Mr. Madden read a paper "On some unpublished Roman Coins, either all gold, or else types described as silver in the recent learned work of Mr. Cohen. Among these, were coins of Claudius, with the types "De Britanni" and "De Germanis;" of Nero, with that of "Jupiter Custos;" of Vespasian, with that of "Rome seated"—one of the coins presented to the Museum by J. De Salis, Esq.; of Titus, with that of "Pax Aug.," exhibiting a symbol which has been doubtfully described as the purse of Mercury, but which is probably a wine-bug.

Mr. Vaux read a paper "Upon Coins which, from the character of their workmanship, and their Punic legends, have been hitherto attributed, on no sufficient grounds, to Panormus, but which are almost certainly those of Carthage."

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

November 27, 1860.—Dr. Gray, vice-president, in the chair.

Mr. Gould exhibited a series of skins of Penguins of the genus *Eudyptes*, obtained by Capt. Abbott in the Falkland Islands, and pointed out the characters of two new species proposed to be called *E. nigricollis* and *E. diadematus*.

Mr. Slater read notices of some rare species of Quadrupeds living in the society's menagerie, calling particular attention to two Macaques considered to be *Macacus occidentalis* (Ogilby), and *M. meurus* (F. Cuv.), a *Cercopithecus* from the Zambesi, referred to *C. rufo-viridis*, and a lately-acquired specimen of *Cynocephalus anubis* from the Bight of Benin.

Mr. Slater also exhibited some bird skins obtained by Capt. Herd in Hudson's Bay, amongst which was an adult specimen of *Grus fraterculus*, Cassin.

Dr. Gray read a note on the food of the *Hyperoodon*, lately killed on the Kentish coast, as reported by the Rev. G. Beardsworth at the last meeting of the society; and stated that the skeleton of this animal has been obtained for the British Museum. Dr. Gray also made some remarks on the River Tortoise from the Zambesi, lately named by him *Aspidochelys livingstonii*, which appeared to be identical with the species described by Dr. Peters, in 1844, as *Cycloderma frenatum*.

Dr. Günther described two new snakes, from Western Africa, by the names *Coronella bitiquata* and *C. dumerili*.

Mr. Bartlett read some notes on the reproduction of the Australian Brush Turkey (*Talegalla lathami*), in the society's gardens.

Papers were also read by Mr. W. H. Pease on New Molluscs from the Sandwich Islands, and on six species of Landshells from Ebon, Marshall's Islands group; by Dr. L. Pfeiffer on forty-seven new species of Landshells, from the collection of Hugh Cuming, Esq.; and by Mr. Sylvanus Hanley on some new species of *Nucula*.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

November 27, 1860.—John Hawkshaw, Esq., Vice-President, in the Chair.—The Paper read was "On the Maintenance and Durability of Submarine Cables in Shallow Waters," by Mr. W. H. Preece, Assoc. Inst. C.E.

It was announced that the discussion, which had been commenced, would be continued at the next

meeting Tuesday, December 4th, when the monthly ballot for members would take place.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Wednesday, Nov. 28.—Professor Owen, F.R.S., in the chair.—The paper read was "On the Acclimatisation of Animals," by Mr. F. T. Buckland, M.A., assistant-surgeon, 2nd Life Guards. A discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Boccius, Crawford, Dr. Crisp, G. Ledger, Mr. Khanon, Tegetmeier, Teulple, and the Chairman, took part.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON. Dec. 2.—Royal Academy of Arts, 8.—Lecture on Anatomy, by R. Partridge, Esq.
Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.—On "Church and Conventual Arrangements," by Rev. Mackenzie Walcott, M.A., Membre de la Société Française d'Archéologie.

Royal Institution, 2.—General Monthly Meeting.

TUES. Dec. 4.—Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Continued Discussion upon Mr. Preece's Paper on "The Maintenance and Durability of Submarine Cables in Shallow Waters."

WED. Dec. 5.—Ethnological Society, 8.—On "The Aryan or Indo-Germanic Theory," by J. Crawford, Esq.
Geological Society, 8.—On "The Structure of the North-West Highlands of Scotland, and the Relations of the Gneiss, Red Sandstone, and Quartzite of Sutherland and Ross," by Professor James Nicol, F.G.S., &c.

Society of Arts, 8.—On "Electro-Block Printing, especially as Applied to Enlarging or Reducing from any Printing Surface or Original Drawing," by Mr. H. G. Collins.

THURS. Dec. 6.—Society of Antiquaries, 8.—Royal Society, 8.—Linnean Society, 8.

FRI. Dec. 7.—Archaeological Institution, 4.—On "The Natural Order Arthropoda," by Professor Oliver.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.

We are authorised to state that the correspondence between the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, the Society of Arts, and the Trustees for conducting the Exhibition of 1862, has been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, as will be seen by the accompanying letter, addressed to the secretary of the Society of Arts. This correspondence has had relation to the site for the building, the provision of the necessary funds, the incorporation of the trustees by the authority of the Crown, and their relations with the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851.

London, Nov. 22, 1860.

SIR.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, enclosing the copy of a communication from her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 to the Council of the Society of Arts, in which the Commissioners express their general approval of the object which the Society has in view in organising the Exhibition of 1862, and their willingness to render such support and assistance to the undertaking as may be consistent with their position as a chartered body, and with the powers conferred upon them by their Charter of Incorporation.

Under these circumstances, we have to request that you will intimate to the council of the Society of Arts our willingness to accept the trust which the council and the guarantors have in so flattering a manner expressed a wish to repose in us, on the understanding that the council will forthwith take measures for giving legal effect to the guarantee, and for obtaining a charter of incorporation satisfactory to us.—We have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servants,

(Signed)

GRANVILLE CHANDOS.
THOMAS BARING.
C. WENTWORTH DILKE.
THOMAS FAIRBAIRN.

P. Le Neve Foster, Esq.,
Secretary to the Society of Arts.

The guarantee list includes 662 persons, and the sum guaranteed now amounts to £366,800. The Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 have granted a site for the building on their estate at South Kensington.

LITERARY OBITUARY.

On Saturday, Nov. 27, the Rev. George Croly, LL.D., aged 76, died very suddenly near his residence, No. 9, Queen Street, Bloomsbury Square. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, held the living of Bondleigh; and in 1835 was presented by Lord Lyndhurst to the united rectories of St. Benet, Sherehog, and St. Stephen's, Walbrook. He was a

well-known contributor of poetry in the palmy days of "Keepsakes," and had a certain reputation as a popular preacher, but his literary fame rests on his novel of "Salathiel." He also wrote a "Life of Edmund Burke," and was a contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine."

Nov. 25, at Arundel Castle, Henry, Duke of Norfolk, aged 45. He edited the "Lives of Philip and Anne Dacre, Earl and Countess of Arundel," of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

OXFORD, Nov. 30.—
The Oxford class list has appeared with all its surprises and disappointments. There never was perhaps, any time in which all parties were satisfied with the result of this notable document, and therefore it may very possibly be concluded that there is no rational ground for dissatisfaction at any time. But there are, unluckily, so many chances in an examination of that kind, which is commonly known as the classical list, or, with us, in *Literis Humanioribus*. The possibility of so much change from the importation of new examiners, and the likelihood of so much variety from the vague way in which subjects have become the material of examination instead of books, that examiners and tutors, college and private, are either vexed at inexplicable failures or puzzled with unexpected success. Not, perhaps, that they will admit unexpected success, but this is the logical relative of inexplicable failure.

There are, to be sure, grave and increasing difficulties in the Oxford classical examination. First, there is the enhanced material value of a first class. Now that college fellowships are thrown open, the fact of a candidate having a first class is a very strong argument in his favour. College examiners are not likely to be so competent as university ones, and are certainly likely to be guided by them. But that an examination or its results should depend, if not in fact yet in suspicion, on caprice—that it should be hypothetically liable to variations, that it should denote large differences at different times—is mischievous to the credit of the trial, and intolerable to the expectant candidate. That a man of good abilities, carefully trained, and of great industry wisely directed, should be in any risk in what is not intended to be a competitive examination, except on certain broad principles of classification, is an evil which ought to be corrected by some evidence of the examiners' judgment, and some guidance to the undergraduate's study. Again, by wide range of reading, it is conceivable that a candidate may be unfortunate in the selection of questions on the matter put before him, though it may not be very likely that he should be; but it is exceedingly possible that such an individual may be fairly "gravelled" when the examiner has the discretion of selecting portions from some author or authors which few persons have read, and there may be a favoured few whom he has publicly or privately instructed. The Oxford examination in *Literis Humanioribus* is the only critical examination, that I know of, in which examiners test candidates out of books which are not at the undergraduate's discretion in reading, out of interpretations which are traditional, and limited to a particular range of hearers, and where the system of marks, according to which a definite numerical value may be given to proficiency is not adopted. In place of this, a vague judgment as to the merit of answers in the gross is the rule, and a precarious and capricious selection of *ex parte* questions is the practice. It would be well if the university were at least to enact that books from which examiners gather their questions should be announced beforehand; and if a direction were given to the official persons to the effect that the possession of a certain number of marks should give a first class, another a second, and so on. At present the system looks snug, may be fair, but is highly unsatisfactory.

Not less urgent is the social value assigned, and justly assigned, to academical distinctions. The English are not a learned nation, but they have a wholesome respect for those among their number who are learned. They do not, it is true, grant much solid recompence to those who achieve a dis-

tinguished place in what may be called school learning; but they have a great pride in their kinsfolk whom they much honour on this wise, and show some deference to those whom they know to be gifted with university precedence. But the least doubt about the reality of the test, the slightest suspicion of the equity of the distribution, would be more damaging than any contempt for the intrinsic value of the material on the acquisition of which so much time and money and labour are expended. The university has been far more cautious in the selection of its middle-class examiners than in its domestic functionaries. Not, indeed, that the latter may not be the Bayards of the university; but it would be well if they were only juries without interest, remote or near, direct or contingent, in the result. At any rate, no rule is more in practice than that which omits precautionary checks, on the plea that the offices intrusted with a particular function is so pure and high-minded that limitations on his practice are nugatory, or affronting. The universitas is too much given to this unbusiness-like and timid tenderness.

The university has empowered the Vice-Chancellor to expend the necessary moneys in the repairs of St. Mary's church. After all, the damage will not be so serious as I at first imagined, or rather, as I was informed. The fittings were so solid that they are not much injured, and the main cost will fall on the windows. At the same time, one regrets that, on what appears now to be an *ex parte* and superficial report, we do not know whether it was gas, steam, or hot air which did the damage, and are not secured against any recurrence of the same calamity. Perhaps in the re-arrangement the heads of houses, and so forth, will not put all the hot-water pipes under their own seats, as it appears they did before. The ingenuity which attached all the comfort of the apparatus to those invaluable individuals, brought with it a considerable danger. An unfair distribution of warmth is, it seems, compensated by the risk of an explosion.

It is a pity that when there was an opportunity, something was not done for St. Mary's church, and the ponderous arrangement which it now presents. You may know that it looks rather like a house of representatives, or a glorified vestry-room, or anything, in short, but an ecclesiastical building. To have incorporated the chancel with the church, removed the organ to the west end, done away with the galleries, and re-arranged the seats, would have made the church a fairly respectable-looking edifice. The university, too, should have built a parish church for the St. Mary's parishioners. The occupation of the building by the university is so ancient, so thoroughly a matter of prescription, that it would not have been difficult to have got the site, on condition of providing church accommodation for the few parishioners of this narrow parish.

Rumour tells us that Sir Thomas Phillips is negotiating with the university for the necessary provision of room for a magnificent donation of books, maps, and the like, and that he wants the Radcliffe, which has been assigned to the collection of another liberal donor, Mr. Hope. The best wisdom of the authorities would be to close with Sir Thomas, by offering to build any kind of structure he pleases for the reception of his collection. There is ground in the open space between the Clarendon and the Bodleian, and failing this, the university possesses a capital site in the block of buildings at the southwest end of Holywell Street, between this point and New College Lane. Any way, it would be the worst policy in the world to coquet about conditions. Donors, especially those who, having lived to collect, are anxious that what they have collected should remain in its integrity, have a fair right to be exacting in the conditions of their donations. And when a man makes a gift, which you may look at in the mouth without hesitation or scruple, it is not much to ask that a decent cloth should be provided for the horse.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 28.

I suppose that the cases affecting the jurisdiction of the proctors will have been decided before I next address you. It is expected that they will be heard this week in the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster, before special juries. I believe they are set down for hearing on Friday, but it is possible that they may be postponed for a few days. The interest

in the question increases as the time approaches. The nominal complainants are two young women named Kemp and Ebbon, who were taken into custody last January, when they were proceeding in an omnibus to a tavern a few miles out of Cambridge, in company with some undergraduates and (I believe) five other females, about whose calling no sort of doubt exists. You will see there are some peculiarities about the case. It is not a case of capture of notoriously loose women walking in the streets of Cambridge. The proctors had received information of an intended excursion to a country public-house of a party of men and women for purposes which I need not particularise; they lay in wait for the conveyance with the party, and made their capture as it was passing along Parker's Piece, near the Town Jail. Out of this, technicalities may arise, which will so affect the case that the general question of proctorial jurisdiction, which it is so desirable to get settled, may remain untouched by the result. The trials, in this particular instance, may go against the university, without at all invalidating the power of the proctors as ordinarily exercised. Speaking as an individual of considerable experience and opportunities of ascertaining the general sentiment of the inhabitants of the town, I have no hesitation in saying that the abolition of the power of the proctors over the public morals of this place would be regarded by the better class of persons as a serious calamity. They are, moreover, disgusted—the term is not at all too strong—by the marvellous rubbish which passes current with people elsewhere, who know really nothing whatever about the practical details of the question. When they read about "cheerless dungeons," and "academical bastiles," and "clerical tyrants," and a great deal more of the same sort, they know that it is only the everyday language of the advocates of the cause of the courtier; but they know also that it is calculated to raise a very false impression upon minds out of the reach of more accurate language. Proctors, like other human beings, are liable to error. Mostly, they exercise their powers with discretion and tenderness—sometimes they do not. Mistakes are made; possibly a mistake was made in some part of the transaction now *sub judice*. But mistakes are the exception; and considering all things—considering the annual changes in the office, and the consequent annual apprenticeship—I think the duties are upon the whole discharged in a very satisfactory way. I am glad to find that the townspeople have extensively signed a document expressive of their confidence in the proctorial system as a moral purifier of the town, without which the streets of Cambridge would be closed against reputable females after nightfall. They do not all agree in details: some think that the vice-chancellor's court for the punishment of prostitute should be thrown open, whilst others are of opinion that great evils would arise from such a course. But upon the main point there seems to be a marked concurrence of opinion amongst the families of the town. It is not unlikely—nay, it is certain—that the action of the proctors has in many cases been the means of arresting girls in a career of vice and wretchedness; indeed, I believe that one of the girls in the omnibus last January is at this moment in the Cambridge Female Refuge, and will be an important witness on the side of the university in the approaching trial.

There was quite an exciting contest to-day, in the matter of the teachership of Hindustani. The candidate to whom I alluded last week as one who was to throw others into the shade was Captain Carter. His claims were advanced under cover of some respectable names, including that of Professor Ellicott; but when it was found that Major Stephen, who had been in the field from the first, had secured much of the support that might have been given to Captain Carter, the friends of the latter withdrew him. Although there were still six or seven candidates in the field, the contest resolved itself into a trial of strength between Major Stephen and Syed Abdoolah, and up to the last moment victory might have inclined either way. The votes were taken from 11 o'clock until 1. Two minutes before the close the numbers were equal, and the last vote for Major Stephen was given by Professor Perowne, just as the clock was on the point of striking. The Major won by

74 against 72. "No Nigger!" and "Vote for Christianity!" were the cries. I have no doubt the election would have gone the other way, if certain passages in the life of Syed Abdoolah had not been revived. Leaving religion and some other matters out of the question, he was the fittest man for the post; and the teaching of Hindustani by the university is not now likely to be what it might have been.

The next university concert is appointed to take place on Wednesday, the 5th of December. I have heard a whisper of a project for a grand union of musical societies here, in a concert which Professor Bennett wants to get up; but I doubt whether it will ever come to anything definite.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, November 18.

THERE has been, as the political London journals will have told you, a tremendous bouleversement here of all kinds. Ministers are "out" and Ministers are "in," who certainly never thought to be either "in" or "out," and a show of liberty is given, which is in fact no liberty at all, but which is meant to distract the public's over-wrought attention from what is passing abroad. If ever any man believed he was in possession of office for the entire length of his natural life, that man was undoubtedly M. Fould; and I do not think that, however he may have dreamt, that out-of-door complications might perhaps bring him back to the Foreign Ministry—I do not think Count Walewski imagined any cast of the dice would bring *him* to the Ministry of State. However, here they both are, and what is termed a "palace revolution" is as much at the bottom of the victory of the one as of the defeat of the other. The causes of M. Walewski's return to power, are perhaps difficult and too delicate to hint at; the causes of M. Fould's removal are by no means so. M. Fould had chosen to suppose the Empress too utterly unimportant a personage in the State, and he had created between her Majesty and himself an irreconcileable enmity. There has always been, on the Emperor's part, a very marked tendency to drop the Montijo connection in public; it has been carried to a quite offensive and ridiculous height, for assuredly the Montijos were as illustrious by birth as the notary's son of Ajaccio, who carved out kingdoms for his relatives far and near, when he had blown up the old world like a powder magazine. However, I again say, the Emperor, no doubt, set the example; he treated the Empress's mother, for instance, at all public ceremonies in a way to authorise (and it probably did authorise) M. Fould's behaviour to the Empress's sister. When the latter died, M. Fould deliberately prevented any character of *officiality* from being given to the funeral, and had that ceremony transformed into one strictly personal to the family of Alba, not connected with the family now reigning over France. When the Empress heard what had been done, her anger knew no bounds, and the struggle was opened between her and the Minister, whom, for many reasons, she had never particularly liked. The Empress began by refusing ever to receive M. Fould, and this occasioned such difficulties that it was decided she should receive no Minister. This went on for a short time, and then the scenes became gradually very violent in the imperial interior touching the Pope, the Empress flatly declaring that she was perfectly convinced some fearful misfortune would ere long strike them all. M. Fould, it is asserted, took advantage of this state of things, and tried to persuade the Emperor of the existence of an Ultramontane plot, in which he made out that her Majesty the Empress took leading part! Of course, this did not make matters better, and it soon became evident that there was a struggle between the Empress and the Minister. The latter was not sacrificed at first, for he is what is termed *un homme de ressources*, and, in a financial point of view, was invaluable, he having, as was proverbially said of him, "the secret of turning 50,000 francs into 100,000"—a secret much needed by this present court. However, sacrificed

in the end he has been, and when the Empress returns she will find in the intimate position of Minister of State, lodging in the very palace, a man who has always been obligingness itself, and in every respect.

The new regulations about the "acting" and "talking" Ministers give rise to much amusement, and nobody is satisfied. M. Billault, who was one of the foremost of the acting Ministers, makes way for M. de Persigny, (the very worst Home Minister France ever had) and though he is exceedingly anxious to become a talking Minister, he by no means relishes being obliged no longer to be an acting one.

Then, again, M. de Persigny—who is only glad to be an "acting" Minister because, for some strange reason, he has ceased to like his sojourn at Albert Gate—M. de Persigny is quite persuaded that he is a great orator, and would have wished that in his person the "acting" and "talking" had been combined. No one is quite satisfied, as I said; and altogether the rights of action and rights of speech seem at first starting to be inclined to disagree.

An acquaintance of mine, a man as well known in the fashionable as in the literary world, has had a very long interview with that marvellous mulatto, Alexandre Dumas, who was here for a few days, and who leaves again to-morrow for Italy. I can perfectly rely on the word of the man I allude to, and I think his conversation, as I have it from him, may amuse your readers. He began by addressing Dumas as "Mon colonel," that being the title he says Garibaldi has conferred upon him, and then proceeded to inquire from him what was about to be done in Southern Italy? The wondrous man of the "Mousquetaires" revolted at this, and said, "What is to be done in Italy? You mean, what do I intend to do?" and he went on developing what he called his "future plans." "We don't mean," said he, "to attack the Quadrilateral, but to enter the Montenegro, and take Venetia from behind. I reserve to Francis II. of Naples—for in fact it is all my doing!"

Now, the curious part of all this is, that Dumas believes it really is all his doing, just as he is quite convinced that in July, 1830, he took the Louvre, and decided the whole success of the insurrection! He is also persuaded that he could have saved the Orleans dynasty in 1848 if he had but had the command of the troops. The man's power of imagination is something absolutely awful, and he conceives situations for himself, in which he then seriously ends by believing that he has been an actor. My friend questioned him further, and said, "Well, when you have done with Austria and Russia, and all the old states, what do you mean to do with the Empire and Louis Napoleon?" "Oh," said the Lord of Monte Christo, "that we keep for the last. In three or four years hence you will see Garibaldi president of the great Franco-Italian Republic!" His interlocutor rejoined, "Why, then, you mean to annex France, do you?" "To be sure!" was the instant reply; and my informant added, "You may be certain Dumas thinks it highly unjust that Garibaldi, and not he, should be president of this famous republic; but he gave me the impression of a man who will be content to be either prime minister, or commander-in-chief of all the armies!"

This conversation seems to me interesting, from the light it throws on the strange individual who takes such an active part in it: the man is all fiction—a walking, living, breathing fiction, and the secret of the real *liveliness* of all his literary works, lies in this marvellous capacity he possesses of *believing* his own inventions.

Balzac enjoyed another form of this belief: he really believed in the people he created, but was not to himself the hero of his own stories. Dumas cares comparatively little for the types he invents, so long as they are out of his own sphere of action; but whenever a character is brought into an action which he fancies he might commit, he then *lives* that character, believes in it, and becomes his own hero to himself.

Meanwhile, in the midst of all this vapouring, the real news received here from South Italy is anything but good, and the applications of Victor Emmanuel for help at the Tuilleries are incessant, and most urgently pressed.

CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

PERHAPS no nation regards its past history with so little apparent interest as the French nation, which sees its historical monuments disappear with so little regret as the French of Paris. Our orators, if they wish to kindle popular enthusiasm, refer to some deed of heroism and devotion recorded in our annals of the past; the French orator, to obtain a similar end, flies away to Roman history, or is grand at the foot of Parnassus. We point to our own heroes and quote our own poets. And thus the work of demolition goes on in Paris, removing daily the landmarks of history, extracting a sight from none but the tender-hearted antiquary, who, if not choked with tears, stands a fair chance of being choked with lime-dust as he witnesses stone after stone dislodged by the might of idle crow-bars. The young of the present generation will probably witness the entire disappearance of ancient Paris, according to the present rate of demolition, and the appearance of a new Paris, according to the present rate of reconstruction. A "Jury d'Expropriation" returned its verdict about a fortnight since, and three ancient streets will be erased from the map to make way for approaches to the new Boulevard de Sébastopol. Necessity demands the sacrifice, the demolition will be useful and sanitary; but there is no poetry in utilitarianism. Among other historical spots which will speedily disappear, one is that called "L'impasse des Peintres," which occupies the spot where once stood one of the gates of the wall raised by Philip Augustus. This gate, at first called the gate of Saint Denis, borrowed afterwards that of Porte-aux-Peintres from a blind-alley near it, which in turn had its name, as some suppose, from the painters in fresco who lived in it. It was adorned, like most of the ports or gates of Paris, by an image of the Virgin, and outlived some two hundred years the demolition of its companions. As to the image of the Virgin, Sauval says that when it was taken down it was again erected on a pedestal by the person who bought the site whereon the gate had stood, "to serve as a memorial," and adds, "it was of stone larger than nature; and, after all, not badly executed, although more than four hundred and sixty years old." The old gate carries us a long way back into history. It had the honour to be one of the stations where halted the young queen, Isabelle of Bavaria, and her escort, about which, writes Froissart, "There was at the Porte-aux-Peintres, the street Saint Denis, a canopy with clouds richly starred, and God, in figure, sitting in majesty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and there, within the canopy, little choristers sang very sweetly (*moult doucement*) in the form of angels, and thus the queen passed in her open litter under the gate of Paradise, from whence descended two angels, bearing in their hands a rich crown garnished with precious stones, and placed it very gently on the head of the queen, singing such verses:—

"Dame enclose entre fleurs de lys,
Royne estes-vous de Paradis,
De France et de tout le pays,
Nous en allons en Paradis."

The next glories who pass that way may be the nymphs of the washing-tub in gilded car, at their Mid-Lent festival. *Sic transit.*

There is many a way of picking up an honest penny, albeit the way may sometimes be an odd one. We have heard of a professor in a northern university, who, in the early days of his pilgrimage, some sixty years ago, found himself in the drab city of Philadelphia, with more capacity than capital. He had a small store in a small street, and to a window pane was wafered the announcement—"Oatmeal sold here, and the Oriental languages taught." The future professor actually cultivated literature on a little oatmeal. Recently we have had the instance of M. Alphonse Karr, who is, needless to say, reproached with cultivating literature and lettuces, and whose pansies are said to pay better than his poetry. But the latest whimsy is that of M. Strandin, the dramatic author. He is about to open a con-

fectioner's shop in the Rue de la Paix, and the opening day will be a grand one. He writes for the Variétés and Palais Royal theatres, and has pressed all the leading actors and actresses of these establishments into his service for the occasion. He will be there to dispense his bonbons and sugar plums; and one feature of the attraction will be that these saccharine wares are to be accompanied by likenesses of celebrities of one kind or the other, each packet, moreover, containing a *bon-mot* or a conundrum to crack. As he will not be able to attend to all his customers single-handed, he will have the assistance of the hilarious Ravel, the comic Hyacinthe, the imitative Brasseur, or some other star of the theatrical firmament. The Parisian public likes to be tickled, and no doubt there will be a long run for sweet stuffs on the Strandin establishment, especially on the part of the *bonnes* of the Gardens of the Tuilleries, and the youth of the Lycées. Plainly, M. Strandin is a wise man in his generation, and is going the right way to get customers by a splendid *puff* preliminary. He has enlisted his *clercs* betimes; and this reminds us again of that work of M. Veron's, "Paris in 1860," which we simply mentioned on its first appearance, wherein he accounts for the existence of that to Englishmen intolerable nuisance, the *clique*. The Parisian public, he says, "are too much occupied now by business and material interests, too much fatigued even by the duties and emotions of the day, for works of genius to excite them after rising from table." The Parisians are too dull to comprehend wit, is the fair inference, and the *clercs* make them aware of a fine passage in a play, a keen stroke of genius, a smuggy *double entendre*, by obstreperous demonstrations on the palm. The doctor tells us that, on the average, 25,000 foreigners and provincials arrive in Paris every day, and that the *clercs* are at night what guides are by day, the *ciceroni* of visitors. This at least is an ingenious defence of the institution. Of the doctor's book, more than fifty pages are devoted to the theatres of Paris, and these are perhaps the most amusing of the whole of it, as here he is likely to be most at home. He brings together a number of facts, figures, and anecdotes connected with the theatres of France, which illustrate the position of dramatic establishments in the political economy of that country. But he is not to occupy the field unchallenged, for here is an anonymous writer, M. J. E. S., who has undertaken to write the history of the theatres of Rouen, the capital of Normandy, always renowned for its taste in the arts, and in particular for dramatic art. The first volume, just published, commences at the date of the opening of the theatre Jeu de Paume, in 1650, and extends to 1801.

Thiers has just given out the last sheet of the eighteenth volume of his "History of the Consulate and of the Empire," which is expected to appear on the fifth of next month. Thiers is a fastidious writer, or corrector of the press, and has sometimes six or seven *revises* before him, before he can venture to give his imprimatur.

Eight years ago M. Renau published his essay "Averroës et l'Averroïsme." A second edition has appeared—indeed a new work, in a manner—augmented by several Arabic texts respecting the life and doctrine of the much misunderstood Averroës. M. Renau has paid great attention to the criticisms made on his original work, but sees nothing to modify in the view he took ten years ago, as regards the origin and character of the Arabian philosophy in general. He persists in believing that no grand dogmatical party presided at the origin of this philosophy. The Arabs adopted merely the *ensemble* of the Greek Encyclopædia, as it was accepted by all the world in the 7th and 8th centuries. Greek science at this epoch played a part among the Syrians, the Nabatheans, the Persian Sassanides, similar to that which European science has been playing in the East for the last half century. The Arabs, initiated into this order of studies, received Aristotle as the authorised master, but did not choose him, exactly as the school of Cairo at present has not been directed in the preference it gives to our European authors on geometry and chemistry from any theoretical view.

It is nevertheless true, on the other hand, that in developing themselves upon a traditional basis,

the Arabian philosophy attained in the 11th and 12th centuries a real originality. M. Renau is disposed to believe that the rank assigned, in the first edition, to the Arabian philosophy was rather under than above its merits. Ibn Roschd, in particular, has risen than fallen in his estimation. In short, he says the intellectual development represented by the learned Arab at the close of the 12th century was superior to that of the entire Christian world. But it could not pass into the institutions of society; theology presented an insurmountable barrier to this. The Mussulman philosopher was always an amateur or a court functionary. The day that fanaticism made sovereignty tremble, philosophy disappeared; the manuscripts were destroyed by royal ordinance, and Christians only remember that Islam had its savants and thinkers. The Arabian philosophy is almost instantaneously suppressed without leaving any traces, and nearly forgotten by the people who created it.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

Sir.—We have observed a letter in the "Literary Gazette" from Mr. Skeet, a bookseller, who is evidently very anxious to bring himself under the special patronage of Mr. Mudie. When we say that this Mr. Skeet ceased to be a clerk in our house some years since, we think your readers will perhaps be better able to appreciate the tone and object of his letter.—We are, sir, faithfully yours,

SAUNDERS, OTLEY, & CO.

50, Conduit Street, Hanover Square, 28th Nov., 1860.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

Sir.—Why the generally gentle Mr. Skeet should wish to throw overboard his brother bookseller, quite "astonishes the natives."

The simple question is,—Which is best adapted to supply the wants of this great metropolis—one General Post Office, or its numerous branches, North, South, East, and West? Upon the same principle, is it not better to have many libraries, dispersed throughout the various districts of our overgrown capital? Besides, the emulation engendered will be sure to secure a larger amount of attention to the demands of the public. Allow Mr. Mudie to pursue his own course, if he thinks proper, but pray do not swamp all the minor minnows before the eye of the New Oxford Street Triton. "Live and let live."—Your obedient servant,

FAIR PLAY.

[We have not replied to Mr. Skeet's letter, simply because he seems to us to have involved himself in a confusion, from which we cannot hope to extricate him, as to the real points at issue between Mr. Mudie and ourselves. It reminds us of a lady of a confused turn of mind, who having heard that the Huguenots were Protestants, proceeded to the remarkable opinion that Luther composed the "Huguenots," and Calvin wrote the *li' stto*.

We may observe that the *Daily Telegraph* has espoused Mr. Mudie's cause. It has long been styled "The felon's friend," to which we may now add "and Mr. Mudie's."

Mr. Lilly, of Bedford Street, Covent Garden, has issued a new catalogue of a portion of his invaluable and truly wonderful stock of books. Browsing as it is with rarities—Caxtons, Wynkyn de Worde, and Pynsons, Aldines, and Juntes, Folio Shakespeares, and other works, elsewhere un procurable, it is a treat indeed to the lovers of good old books in genuine original editions; and apart from the interest it possesses for purchasers, the bibliographical value of this catalogue is very considerable.

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1854.	128,459 11 4	15,895 7 0
1855.	130,060 11 11	1,601 0 7
1856.	151,733 9 6	21,672 17 7
1857.	175,049 4 8	23,315 15 2
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